[1.]

THE RETVRNE FROM PERNASSVS:

Or

The Scourge of Simony.

Publiquely acted by the Students in Saint Iohns Colledge in *Cambridge.*

AT LONDON
Printed by *G. Eld*, for *Iohn Wright*, and are to bee ſold at his ſhop at Chriſt church Gate.
1606.

The Prologue.

Boy, Stagekeeper, Momus, Defensor.

Boy.

SPectators we will act a Comedy (*non plus.*

Stagek. A poxon't this booke hath it not in it, you would be whipt, thou rascall: thou must be sitting vp all night at cards, when thou should be conning your part.

Boy. It's all long on you, I could not get my part a night or two before that I might sleepe on it.

Stagekeeper carrieth the boy away vnder his arme.

Mo. It's euen wel doone, here is such a sturre about a scuruie Englisn show.

Defen. Scuruie in thy face, thou scuruie Iack, if this company were not, you paultry Crittick Gentlemen, you that knowe what it is to play at primero, or passage. You that haue beene student at post and payre, saint and Loe adam. You that haue spent all your quarters reuenewes in riding post one night in Chrismas, beare with the weake memory of a gamster.

Mo. Gentlemen, you that can play at noddy, or rather play vpon Noddies: you that can set vp a leaft, at primero insteed of a rest, laugh at the prologue that was taken away in a voyder.

Defen. What we present I must needs confesse is but slubbered inuention: if your wisdome obscure the circumstance, your kindenesse will pardon the substance.

Mo. What is presented here, is an old musty showe, that hath laine this twelfe-moneth in the bottome of a coale-house amongst broomes and old showes, an inuension that we are ashamed of, and therfore we haue promised the Copies to the Chandlers to wrappe his candles in.

Defen. It's but a Christenmas toy, and may it please your curtisies to let it passe.

Mom. It's a Chriſtmas toy indeede, as good a conceite as ſlauging hotcockles, or blinde-man buffe.

Defen. Some humors you ſhall ſee aymed at, if not well reſembled.

Mom. Humors indeede: is it not a pretty humor to ſtand hāmering vpon two *individuum vagum* 2. ſchollers ſome whole yeare. Theſe ſame *Philo* and *Studio*: haue beene followed with a whip, and a verſe like a Couple of Vagabonds through *England* and *Italy*. The Pilgrimage to *Pernaſſus*, and the returne from *Pernaſſus* haue ſtoode the honeſt *Stagekeepers* in many a Crownes expence: for linckes and vizardes purchaſ'd a Sophiſter a knocke: which a clubbe hindred the buttlers box, and emptied the colledge barrells, and now vnleſſe you know the ſubiect well you may returne home as wiſe as you came, for this laſt is the leaſt parte of the returne from *Pernaſſus*, that is both the firſt & the laſt time that the Authors wit wil turne vpon the toe in this vaine, and at this time the ſcene is not at *Pernaſſus*, that is, lookes not good inuention in the face.

Defen. If the Cataſtrophe pleaſe you not, impute it to the vnpleaſing fortunes of diſcontented ſchollers.

Mom. For Cataſtrophe ther's neuer a tale in Sir *Iohn Mandevil*, or *Beuis* of *Southampton* but hath a better turning.

Stagekeeper. What you ieering aſſe, begon with a pox.

Mom. You may doe better to buſy your ſelfe in prouiding beere, for the ſhewe wil be pittifull drie, pittifull drie.

Exit.

No more of this, I heard the ſpectators aſke for a blanke verſe.

What we ſhew, is but a Chriſtmas ieſt,
Conceiue of this and gueſſe of all the reſt:
Full like a ſchollers hapleſſe fortunes pen'd,
Whoſe former griefes ſeldome haue happy end.
Frame aſwell, we might with eaſy ſtraine,
With far more prayſe, and with as little paine.
Storyes of loue, where for me the wondring bench,
The liſping gallant might enioy his wench.

Or

Or make ſome Sire acknowledge his loſt ſonne,
Found when the weary act is almoſt done.
Nor vnto this, nor vnto that our ſcene is bent,
We onely ſhew a ſchollers diſcontent.
In Scholers fortunes twiſe forlorne and dead
Twiſe hath our weary pen earſt laboured.
Making them Pilgrims in *Pernaſſus* hill,
Then penning their returne with ruder quill.
Now we preſent vnto each pittying eye,
The ſchollers progreſſe in their miſerye.
Refined wits your patience is our bliſſe,
Too weake our ſcene: too great your iudgment is,
To you we ſeeke to ſhew a ſchollers ſtate,
His ſcorned fortunes, his vnpittyed fate.
To you: for if you did not ſchollers bleſſe,
Their caſe (poore caſe) were too too pittileſſe.
You ſhade the muſes vnder foſtering,
And make them leaue to ſigh, and learne to ſing.

The names of the Actors.

Dramatis Perſona.

Ingenioſo.	*Academico.*
Iudicio.	*Amorotto.*
Danter.	*Page.*
Philomuſus.	*Signor Immerito.*
Studioſo.	*Stercutio his father.*
Furor Poeticus.	*Sir frederick.*
Phantaſma.	*Recorder.*
Patient.	*Page.*
Rhichardetto.	*Prodigo.*
Theodore phiſition.	*Burbage.*
Burgeſſe patient.	*Kempe.*
Iaques, ſtudioſo.	*Fidlers.*
	Patients man.

Actus 1. Scena 1.

Ingenioſo, with Iuuenall in his hand.

Ingenioſo.

Difficile eſt, Satyram non ſcribere, nam quis iniquæ
Tam patiens vrbis, tam furens vt teneat ſe?

I, Iuuenall: thy ierking hand is good,
Not gently laying on, but fetching bloud.
So ſurgean-like thou doſt with cutting heale,
Where nought but lanching can the wound auayle.
O ſuffer me, among ſo many men,
To tread aright the traces of thy pen.
And light my linke at thy eternall flame,
Till with it I brand euerlaſting ſhame,
On the world's forhead and with thine owne ſpirit,
Pay home the world according to his merit.
Thy purer ſoule could not endure to ſee,
Euen ſmalleſt ſpots of baſe impurity:
Nor could ſmall faults eſcape thy cleaner hands,
Then foule faced Vice was in his ſwadling bands.
Now like *Anteus* growne a monſter is,
A match for none but mighty *Hercules*.
Now can the world practiſe in playner guiſe,
Both ſinnes of old and new borne villanyes.
Stale ſinnes are ſtole: now doth the world begin
To take ſole pleaſure in a witty ſinne.
Vnpleaſant is the lawleſſe ſinne has bin,
At midnight reſt, when darkneſſe couers ſin.
It's Clowniſh vnbeſeeming a young Knight,
Vnleſſe it dare outface the gloring light.
Nor can it nought our gallants prayſes reape,
Vnleſſe it be done in ſtaring Cheape.
In a ſinne-guilty Coach not cloaſely pent,
Iogging along the harder pauement.
Did not feare check my repining ſprit,
Soone ſhould my angry ghoſt a ſtory write.

In

In which I would new fostred sinnes combine,
Not knowne earst by truth telling *Aretine.*

Enter Iud Scena 2. Ingenioso, Iudicio.

Iud. What *Ingenioso*, carrying a Vinegar bottle about thee, like a great schole-boy giuing the world a bloudy nose?

Ing. Faith *Iudicio*, if I carry the vineger bottle, it's great reason I should confer it vpon the bald pated world: andagaine, if my kitchen want the vtensilies of viands, it's great reason other men should haue the sauce of vineger, and for the bloudie nose, *Iudicio*, I may chance indeed giue the world a bloudy nose, but it shall hardly giue me a crakt crowne, though it giues other Poets french crownes.

Iud. I would with thee *Ing.* to sheath thy pen, for thou canst not be successefull in the fray, considering thy enemies haue the aduantage of the ground.

Ing. Or rather *Iud.* they haue the grounds with aduantage, and the french crownes with a pox, and I would they had them with a plague too: but hang them swadds, the basest corner in my thoughts is too gallant a roome to lodge them in, but say *Iudicio*, what newes in your presse, did you keepe any late corrections vpon any tardy pamphlets?

Iud. Veterem iubes renouare dolorem Ing. what ere befalls thee, keepe thee from the trade of the corrector of the presse.

Ing. Mary so I will, I warrant thee, if pouerty presse not too much, Ile correct no presse but the presse of the people.

Iud. Would it not grieue any good spirits to sit a whole moneth nitting out a lousy beggarly Pamphlet, and like a needy Phisitian to stand whole yeares, tossing and tumbling, the filth that falleth from so many draughty inuentions as dayly swarme in our printing house?

Ing. Come (I thinke) we shall haue you put finger in the eye and crie, O friends, no friends, say man what new paper hobby horses, what rattle babies are come out in your late May morrice daunce?

Iud. Sly my rimes as thick as flies in the sunne, I thinke there

there be neuer an alle house in England, not any so base a may pole on a country greene, but setts forth some poets petternels or demilaunces to the paper watres in Paules Church yard.

Ing. And well too may the issue of a strong hop learne to hop all ouer England, when as better wittes sit like lame coblers in their studies. Such barmy heads wil alwaies be working, when as sad vineger witts sit souring at the bottome of a barrell: plaine Meteors, bred of the exhalation of Tobacco, and the vapors of a moyst pot, that soure vp into the open ayre, when as sounder wit keepes belowe.

Iud. Considering the furyes of the times, I could better endure to se those young Can quaffing hucksters shoot of their pellets so they would keepe them from these English *flores-poetarum*, but now the world is come to that passe, that there starts vp euery day an old goose that sits hatching vp those eggs which haue ben filcht from the nest of Crowes and Kestrells: here is a booke *Ing:* why to condemne it to cleare the vsuall Tiburne of all misliuing papers, weare too faire a death for so foule an offender.

Ing. What's the name of it, I pray thee *Iud*?

Iud. Looke its here *Beluedere*.

Ing. what a belwether in Paules Churchyeard, so cald because it keeps a bleating, or because it hath the tinckling bel of so many Poets about the neck of it, what is the rest of the title.

Iud. The garden of the Muses.

Ing. What haue we here, the Poet garish gayly bedeket like fore horses of the parish? what follows.

Iud. *Quem referent musæ, viuet dum robora tellus,*
Dum cælum stellas, dum vehit amnis aquas.

Who blurres fayer paper, with foule bastard rimes,
Shall liue full many an age in latter times:
Who makes a ballet for an ale house doore,
Shall liue in future times for euer more.
Then ( ) thy muse shall liue so long,
As drafty ballats to thy praise are song.

But what's his deuise, Parnassus with the sunne and the lawrel: I wonder this owle dares looke on the sunne and I maruaill

this goſe flies not the lawrell: his deuiſe might haue bene better a foole going in to the market place to be ſeene, with this motto *ſcribimus indocti*, or a poore beggar gleaning of eares in the end of harueſt, with this word, *ſua cuiq; gloria.*

Iud. Turne ouer the leafe *Ing*: and thou ſhalt ſee the paynes of this worthy gentleman, Sentences gathered out of all kind of Poetts, referred to certaine methodicall heades, profitable for the vſe of theſe times, to rime vpon any occaſion at a little warning: Read the names.

Ing. So I will, if thou wilt helpe me to cenſure them.

Edmund Spencer.	*Michaell Drayton.*
Henry Conſtable.	*Iohn Danis.*
Thomas Lodge.	*Iohn Marſton.*
Samuel Daniell.	*Kit: Marlowe.*
Thomas Watſon.	

Good men and true; ſtand togither: heare your cenſure, what's thy iudgement of *Spencer?*

Iud. A ſweeter ſwan then euer ſong in Poe,
A ſhriller Nightingale then euer bleſt
The prouder groues of ſelfe admiring Rome.
Blith was each vally, and each ſheapeard proud,
While he did chaunt his rurall minſtralſye.
Attentiue was full many a dainty eare.
Nay hearers hong vpon his melting tong.
While ſweetly of his Faiery Queene he ſong.
While to the waters fall he tun'd for fame,
And in each barke engrau'd Elizaes name.
And yet for all this, vnregarding ſoile
Vnlac't the line of his deſired life,
Denying mayntenance for his deare releife.
Careleſſe care to preuent his exequy,
Scarce deigning to ſhut vp his dying eye.

Ing. Pitty it is that gentler witts ſhou'ld breed,
Where thickſkin chuffes laugh at a ſchollers neede.
But ſoftly may our honors aſhes reſt,
That lie by mery *Chaucers* noble cheſt.

But I pray thee proceede breefly in thy censure, that I may be proud of my selfe, as in the first, so in the last, my censure may iumpe with thine. *Henry Constable, Samuel Daniel, Thomas Lodg, Thomas Watson.*

Iud. Sweete *Constable* doth take the wondring eare,
And layes it vp in willing prisonment:
Sweete hony dropping *Daniell* doth wage
Warre with the proudest big Italian,
That melts his heart in sugred sonetting.
Onely let him more sparingly make vse,
Of others wit, and vse his owne the more:
That well may scorne base imitation.
For *Lodge* and *Watson*, men of some desert,
Yet subiect to a Critticks marginall.
Lodge for his oare in euery paper boate,
He that turnes ouer Galen euery day,
To sit and simper *Euphues* legacy.

Ing. Michael Drayton.

Draytons sweete muse is like a sanguine dy,
Able to rauish the rash gazers eye.

Ing. How euer he wants one true note of a Poet of our times, and that is this, hee cannot swagger it well in a Tauerne, nor dominere in a hothouse.

Iud. *John Dauis.*

Acute *John Dauis*, I affect thy rymes,
That ierck in hidden charmes these looser times:
Thy playner verse, thy vnaffected vaine,
Is grac't with a fayre and a sooping traine.

Ing. Locke and *Hudson.*

Iud. Locke and *Hudson*, sleepe you quiet shauers, among the shauings of the presse, and let your bookes lie in some old nookes amongst old bootes and shooes, so you may auoyde my censure.

Ing. Why then clap a locke on their feete, and turne them to commons.

John Marston.

Iud. What *Monsier Kinsayder*, lifting vp your legge and

pissing against the world, put vp man, put vp for shame.
Me thinks he is a Ruffian in his stile,
Withouten bands or garters ornament,
He quaffes a cup of frenchmans Helicon.
Then royster doyster in his oylie tearmes,
Cutts, thrusts, and foines at whomesoeuer he meets.
And strewes about Ram-ally meditations,
Tut what cares he for modest close coucht termes,
Cleanly to gird our looser libertines.
Giue him plaine naked words stript from their shirts
That might beseeme plaine dealing *Aretine*:
I there is one that backes a paper steed
And manageth a pen-knife gallantly,
Strikes his poinado at a buttons breadth,
Brings the great battering ram of tearms to towns
And at first volly of his Cannon shot,
Batters the walles of the old fustie world.

Ing. Christopher Marlowe.

Iud. Marlowe was happy in his buskind muse,
Alas vnhappy in his life and end,
Pitty it is that wit so ill should dwell,
Wit lent from heauen, but vices sent from hell.

Ing. Our *Theater* hath lost, *Pluto* hath got,
A Tragick penman for a driery plot.

Beniamin Iohnson.

Iud. The wittiest fellow of a Bricklayer in England.

Ing. A meere Empyrick, one that getts what he hath by obseruation, and makes onely nature priuy to what he endites, so slow an Inuentor, that he were better betake himselfe to his old trade of Bricklaying, a bould whorson, as confident now in making of a booke, as he was in times past in laying of a brick.

William Shakespeare.

Iud. Who loues *Adonis* loue, or *Lucre's* rape,
His sweeter verse contaynes hart robbing life,
Could but a grauer subiect him content,
Without loues foolish lazy languishment.

Ing.

Ing. Churchyard.

Hath not *Shor's* wife although a light skirts she,
Giuen him a chast long lasting memory?

Iud. No all light pamphlets once I finden shall,
A Churchyard and a graue to bury all.

Ing. Thomas Nashdo.

I heare is a fellowe *Iudicio* that carryed the deadly stocke in his pen, whose muse was armed with a gagtooth, and his pen possest with *Hercules* furies.

Iud. Let all his faultes sleepe with his mournfull chest,
And then for euer with his ashes rest.
His stile was wittie, though he had some gal,
Something he might haue mended, so may all.
Yet this I say, that for a mother witt,
Fewe men haue euer seene the like of it.

Ing. *Reades the rest.*

Iud. As for these, they haue some of them beene the old hedgstakes of the presse; and some of them are at this instant the botts and glanders of the printing house. Fellowes that stand onely vpon tearmes to serue the tearme, with their blotted papers, write as men goe to stoole, for needes, and when they write, they write as a Beare pisses, now and then drop a pamphlet.

Ing. Durum telum necessitas. Good fayth they do as I do, exchange words for mony, I haue some traffique this day with *Danter*, about a little booke which I haue made, the name of it is a Catalogue of *Cambrige* Cuckolds, but this Beluedere, this methodicall asse, hath made me almost forget my time: Ile now to Paules Churchyard meete me an houre hence, at the signe of the Pegasus in Cheap-side, and Ile moyst thy temples with a cuppe of Claret, as hard as the world goes. *Ex. Iudicio.*

Actus 1. Scena 3.

Enter Danter the Printer.

Ing. Danter thou art deceiued, wit is dearer then thou takest it to bee, I tell thee this libel of Cambridge has much fatt and pepper in the nose: it will sell sheerely vnderhand, when al

these bookes of exhortations and Catechismes, lie moulding on thy shopbourd.

Dan. It's true, but good fayth M. *Ingenioso*, I lost by your last booke, and you knowe there is many a one that payes me largely, for the printing of their inuentions, but for all this you shall haue 40. shillings and an odde pottle of wine.

Ing. 40. Shillings? a fit reward for one of your reumatick poets, that beslauers all the paper he comes by, and furnishes the Chaundlers with wast papers to wrap candles in: but as for me, Ile be payd deare euen for the dreggs of my wit: little knowes the worlde what belong to the keeping of a good wit in waters, dietts', drinckes, Tobacco, &c. it is a daynty and costly creature, and therefore I must be payd sweetly: furnish mee with mony, that I may put my selfe in a new sute of clothes, and Ile suite thy shop with a new suite of tearmes: it's the gallantest Child my inuention was euer deliuered off. The title is, a Chronicle of *Cambrige* Cuckolds: here a man may see what day of the moneth such a mans commons were inclosed, and when throwne open, and when any entayled some odde crownes, vpon the heires of their bodies vnlawfully begotten: speake quickly ells I am gone.

Dan. Oh this will sell gallantly: Ile haue it whatsoeuer it cost, will you walke on M. *Ingenioso*, weele sit ouer a cup of wine and agree on it.

Ing. A cup of wine is as good a Constable as can be, to take vp the quarrell betwixt vs. *Exeunt.*

Actus 1. scena 4. Philomusus in a Phisitions habit: Studioso that is Iaques man, And patient.

Phil. *Tit tit tit, non poynte, non debet fieri phlebetomotio in coitu Luna*: here is a Recipe.

Pat. A Recipe.

Phil. *Nos Gallia non curamus quantitatem syllabarum*: Let me heare how many stooles you doe make. Adeiu mounseir, adeiu good mounseir, what *Iaques Il n' a personne apres icy.*

Stud. Non.

Phil.

Phil. Then let vs ſteale time for this borrowed ſhape,
Recounting our vnequall happs of late.
Late did the Ocean graſpe vs in his armes,
Late did we liue within a ſtranger ayre:
Late did we ſee the cinders of great Rome
We thought that Engliſh fugitiues there eate
Gold, for reſtoratiue, if gold were meate.
Yet now we finde by bought experience,
That where ſo ere we wander vp and downe,
On the rounde ſhoulders of this maſſy world,
Or our ill fortunes, or the worldes ill eye
Forſpeake our good, procures our miſerye.
Stud. So oft the Northen winde with frozen wings,
Hath beate the flowers that in one garden grewe:
Throwne downe the ſtalkes of our aſpiring youth,
So oft hath winter nipt our trees faire rinde,
That now we ſeeme nought but two bared boughes,
Scorned by the baſeſt bird that chirps in groaue,
Nor Rome, nor Rhemes that wonted ar to giue,
A Cardinall cap, to diſcontented clarkes,
That haue forſooke the home-bred thanked roofes,
Yeelded vs any equal maintenance:
And it's as good to ſtarue mongſt Engliſh ſwine,
As in a forraine land to begge and pine:
Phil. Ile ſcorne the world that ſcorneth me againe.
Stud. Ile vex the world that workes me ſo much paine.
Phil. Fly lame reuengings power, the world well weenes.
Stud. Flyes haue there ſpleene, each ſylly ant his teenes.
Phil. We haue the wordes they the poſſeſſion haue.
Stud. We all are equall in our lateſt graue.
Phil. Soone then: O ſoone may we both graued be.
Stud. Who wiſhes death, doth wrong wiſe deſtinie,
Phil. It's wrong to force life, loathing men to breath.
Stud. It's ſinne for doomed day to wiſh thy death.
Phil. Too late our ſoules flit to their reſting place.
Stud. Why mans whole life is but a breathing ſpace.
Phil. A painefull minute ſeemes a tedious yeare.

Stud.

Stud. A constant minde eternall woes will beare.
Phil. When shall our soules their wearied lodge forgoe?
Stud. When we haue tyred misery and woe.
Phil. Soone may then fates this gale deliuer send vs.
Small woes vex long great woes quickly end vs.

But letts leaue this capping of rimes *Studioso*, and follow our late deuise, that wee may maintaine our heads in cappes our bellyes in prouender, and our backs in sadle and bridle: hetherto wee haue fought all the honest meanes we could to liue, & now let vs dare, *aliquid breuibus gracis* and *carcere dignum*: let vs run through all the lewd formes of lime-twig purloyning villanyes, let vs proue Cony catchers Baudes, or any thing, so we may rub-out, and first my plot for playing the french Doctor that shall hold: our lodging stand here filthy in shooe lane, for if our commings in be not the better, London may shortely throw an old shooe after vs, and with those shredds of French, that we gathered vp in our hostes house in *Paris*, wee'l gull the world, that hath in estimation forraine Phisitians, & if any of the hidebound bretheren of Cambridge and Oxforde, or any of those Stigmatick maisters of arte, that abused vs in times past, leaue their owne Phisitians, and became our patients, wee'l alter quite the stile of them, for they shal neuer hereafter write, your Lordships most bounden: but your Lordships most laxatiue.

Stud. It shalbe so, see what a little vermine pouerty altereth a whole milky disposition.

Phil. So then my selfe streight with reuenge Ile Seate,
Stud. Prouoked patience growes intemperate.

Actus 1. *Scena* 5.

Enter Richardetto, Iaques, Scholler learning french.

Iaq. How now my little knaue, *quelle nouelle mounseir.*
Richar. Ther's a fellow with a night cap on his head, an vrinal in his hand, would fayne speake with master *Theodore.*
Iaq. *Parle Francoyes moun petit garsoun.*
Richard. *Hy a vn homme aue le bonnet de*

et

& vn vrinell in la mens, que veut parter,

Iaq. Foc beieu. *La teſte*

Theod. Iaques a bonus. Exeunt *Theodore*

Actus. 1. Scen. 6.

Furor poeticus: and preſently after enters Phantaſma.

Furor poeticus rapt within contemplation.

Why how now *Pedant Phebus*, are you ſmoutching *Thalia* on her tender lips? There hoie: peſant avant: come Pretty ſhortnoſ'd nimph: oh ſweet *Thalia*, I do kiſſe thy foote. What *Cleio*? O ſweet *Cleio*, nay pray thee do not weepe *Melpomene*. What *Vrania*, *Polimnia*, and *Calliope*, let me doe reuerence to your deities. *Phantaſma puls him by the ſleeue.*

Fur. I am your holy ſwayne, that night and day,
Sit for your ſakes rubbing my wrinkled browe,
Studying a more eth for on Epithete.
Nay ſiluer *Cinthia*, do not trouble me:
Straight will I thy *Endimions* ſtorye write,
To which thou haſteſt me on day and night.
You light ſkirt ſtarres, this is your wonted guiſe,
By glomy light perke out your doutfull heades:
But when *Don Phebus* ſhowes his flaſhing ſnout,
You are ſky puppies, ſtreight your light is out.

Phan. So ho, *Furor*.

Nay prethee good *Furor* in ſober ſadnes,

Furor. Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.

Phan. Nay ſweet *Furor*, *ipſe te Tytire pinus*,

Furor. Ipſi te fontes, ipſa hæc arbuſta vocarunt.

Who's that runs headlong on my quills ſharpe poynt.
That wearyed of his life and baſer breath,
Offers himſelfe to an Iambicke verſe.

Phant. Si quoties peccant homines, ſua fulmina mittat
Iupiter, exiguo tempore inermis erit.

Fur. What ſlimye bold preſumtious groome is he,
Dares with his rude audacious hardye chatt,
Thus ſeuer me from ſkibbered contemplation?

Phant. Carmina vel cælo poſſunt deducere lunam.

Furor. Oh *Phantaſma*: what my indiuiduall mate?

O mihi poſt nullos Furor memorande ſodales,

Furor. Say whence comest thou? sent from what deytye?
From great Apollo or sly Mercurye.

Phan. I come from the litle Mercury, *Ingenioso, For,*
Ingenio pollet cui vim natura negauit.

Furor. Ingenioso?
He is a pretty inuenter of slight prose:
But there's no spirit in his groaueling speach,
Hang him whose verse can not out-belch the wind:
That cannot beard and braue *Don Eolus,*
That when the cloude of his inuention breakes,
Cannot out-cracke the scarr-crow thunderbolt.

Phan. Hang him, I say, *Pendo pependi, tendo tetendi, pedo pepedi.* Will it please you maister *Furor*, to walke with me. I promised to bring you to a drinking Inne, in Cheapside at the signe of the nagges heade. *For,*

Tempore lenta pati frœna docentur equi.

Furor. Passe the before, Ile come incontinent.

Phan. Nay faith maister *Furor*, letts go togither, *Quoniam Conuenimus ambo.*

Furor. Letts march on vnto the house of fame:
There quaffing bowles of Bacchus blood ful nimbly,
Endite a Tiptoe, strouting poesy.

They offer the way one to the other.

Phan. *Quo me Bacche rapis tui plenum.*
Tu maior: tibi me est æquum parere Menalca.

Act. secundus: Scena. 3.

Enter Philom. Theod. his patient the Burgesse, and his man with his state.

Theod. putts on his spectacles.

Mounseiur here are *atomi Natantes*, which do make shew your worship to be as leacherous as a bull.

Burg. Truely maister Doctor we are all men.

Theod. This vater is intention of heate, are you not perturbed with an ake in your face, or in your occiput. I meane your head peece, let me feele the pulse of your little finger.

Burg. Ile assure you M. *Theodour*, the pulse of my head beates exceedingly, and I thinke I haue disturbed my selfe by stu-

ſtudying the penall ſtatutes.

Theod. Tit, tit, your worſhip takes cares of your ſpeeches. *O, coura leues loquuntur, ingentes ſtupent*, it is an Aphoriſme in Galen.

Burg. And what is the expoſition of that?

Theod. That your worſhip muſt take a *gland, vt emittatur ſanguis*: the ſigne is for execellent, for excellent.

Burg. Good maiſter Doctor vſe mee gently, for marke you Sir, there is a double conſideration to be had of me: firſt as I am a publike magiſtrate, ſecondly as I am a priuate butcher: and but for the worſhipfull credit of the place, and office wherein I now ſtand and liue, I would not hazard my worſhipfull apparell, with a ſuppoſitor or a gliſter: but for the countenancing of the place, I muſt go oftener to ſtoole, for as a great gentleman told me of good experience, that it was the chiefe note of a magiſtrate, not to go to the ſtoole without a phiſition.

Theo. A, *vous ettes vn gentell home vraiment*, what ho *Iaques, Iaques, dou e vous? vn fort gentel purgation for monſier Burgeſſe.*

Iaq. *Voſte tres humble ſeruiture a voſtre commandement.*

Theod. *Donne vous vn gentell purge a Monſier Burgeſſe.* I haue conſidered of the craſis, and ſyntoma of your diſeaſe, and here is *vn fort gentell purgation per euacuationem excrementorum*, as we Phiſitions vſe to parlee.

Burg. I hope maiſter Doctor you haue a care of the countryes officer, I tell you I durſt not haue truſted my ſelfe with euery phiſition, and yet I am not afraide for my ſelfe, but I would not depriue the towne of ſo carefull a magiſtrate.

Theod. O monſier, I haue a ſingular care of your valetudo, it is requiſite that the French Phiſitions be learned and carefull, your Engliſh veluet cap is malignant and enuious.

Burg. Here is maiſter Doctor foure pence your due, and eight pence my bounty, you ſhall heare from me good maiſter Doctor, farewell farewell, good maiſter Doctor.

Theod. Adieu good Mounſier, adieu good Sir mounſier.

Then burſt with teares vnhappy graduate:
Thy fortunes ſtill wayward and backward bin:

Nor canst thou thriue by vertue, nor by sin.
Stud. Oh how it greeues my vexed soule to see,
Each painted asse in chayre of dignitye:
And yet we grouell on the ground alone,
Running through euery trade, yet thriue by none.
More we must acte in this liues Tragedy,
Phi. Sad is the plott, sad the Catastrophe.
Stud. Sighs are the Chorus in our Tragedy,
Phil. And rented thoughts continuall actors bee.
Stud. Woe is the subiect: *Phil.* earth the loathed stage,
Whereon we act this fained personage.
Mostly barbarians the spectators be, *most like*
That sit and laugh at our calamity. throng
Phil. Band be those houres when mongst the learned
By Grantaes muddy bancke we whilome song,
Stud Band be that hill which learned witts adore,
Where earst we spent our stock and little store:
Phi. Band be those musty mewes, where we haue spent,
Our youthfull daies in paled languishment.
Stud. Band be those coseming arts that wrought our woe,
Making vs wandring *Pilgrimes* to and fro.
Phil. And *Pilgrimes* must we be without reliefe,
And whereseuer we run there meets vs greefe.
Stud. Where euer we tosse vpon this crabbed stage
Griefe's our companion, patience be our page.
Phil. Ah but this patience is a page of ruth,
A tired Lacky to our wandering youth.

Actus. 2. Scena. 2.
Academico solus.

Acad. Faine wold I haue a liuing, if I could tel how to come by it. *Eccho.* Buy it.
Buy it fond Ecco? why thou dost greatly mistake it. *Ecc.* stake it.
Stake it? what should I stake at this game of simony? *Ecc.* mony
What is the world a game, are liuings gotten by playing?
Eccho. Paying.

Paying?

Paying? but say what's the neareſt way to come by a liuing?
Eccho. Giuing.
Muſt his worſhips fiſts bee needs then oyled with Angells?
Eccho. Angels.
Ought his gowty fiſts then firſt with gold to be greaſed?
Eccho. Eaſed.
And is it then ſuch an eaſe for his aſſes backe to cary mony?
Eccho. I.
Will then this golden aſſe beſtowe a vicarige guilded?
Eccho. Gelded.
What ſhall I ſay to good Sir *Roderick* that haue gold here?
Eccho. Cold cheare.
Ile make it my lone requeſt, that he wold be good to a ſcholler.
Eccho, Choller,
Yea, will hee be cholerike, to heare of an art or a ſcience?
Eccho, hence.
Hence with liberal arts, what then wil he do with his chancel?
Eccho, ſell.
Sell it? and muſt a ſimple clark be fayne to compound then?
Eccho. pounds then.
What if I haue no pounds, muſt then my ſute be proroagued?
Eccho, Roagued.
Yea? giuen to a Roague? ſhall an aſſe this vicaridge compaſſe?
Eccho, Aſſe.
What is the reaſon that I ſhould not be as fortunate as hee?
Eccho. Aſſe he.
Yet for al this, with a penileſſe purſe wil I trudg to his worſhip
Eccho. words cheape.
Wel, if he giue me good words, it's more thē I haue from an *Eccho.* *Eccho.* goe.

Actus.2. Scena.3.

Amoretto with an *Ouid* in his hand. *Immerito.*

Amoret. Take it on the word of a gentleman, thou cannot haue it a penny vnder, thinke ont, thinke on it, while I meditate on my fayre miſtres.

Nunc sequor imperium magne Cupido tuum.
What ere become of this dull thredbare clearke,
I must be costly in my mistresses eye:
Ladyes regard not ragged company.
I will with the reuenewes of my chafred church,
First buy an ambling hobby for my fayre:
Whose measured pace may teach the world to dance,
Proud of his burden when he gins to praunce:
Then must I buy a iewell for her eare,
A Kirtle of some hundred crownes or more:
With these fayre giftes when I accompanied goe,
Sheele giue *Ioues* breakfast: *Sidny* tearmes it so.
I am her needle: she is my Adamant,
She is my fayre Rose, I her vnworthy pricke.

Acad. Is there no body heere will take the paines to geld his mouth?

Amor. Sh's Cleopatra, I Marke Anthony,

Acad. No thou art a meere marke for good witts to shoote at: and in that suite thou wilt make a fine man to dash poore crowes out of countenance.

Amor. She is my Moone, *I* her Endimion,

Acad. No she is thy shoulder of mutton, thou her onyon: or she may be thy Luna, and thou her Lunaticke.

Amo. I her *Æneas*, she my *Dido* is.

Acad. She is thy Io, thou her brasen asse,
Or she Dame *Phantasy* and thou her gull:
She thy *Pasiphae*, and thou her louing bull.

Actus. 2. Scena. 4.

Enter Immerito, and Stercutio his father,

Ster. Sonne, is this the gentleman that sells vs the liuing?

Im. Fy father, thou must not call it selling, thou must say is this the gentleman that must haue the gratuito?

Acad. What haue we heere, old trupenny come to towne, to fetch away the liuing in his old greasy slops, then *Ile* none: the time hath beene when such a fellowe medled with nothing but

but his plowshare, his spade, and his hobnayles, and so to a peece of bread and cheese, and went his way: but now these fellowes are growne the onely factors for preferment.

Ster. O is this the grating gentleman, and how many pounds must *I* pay?

Im. O thou must not call them pounds, but thanks, and harke thou father, thou must tell of nothing that is done: for *I* must seeme to come cleere to it.

Acad. Not pounds but thanks: see whether this simple fellow that hath nothing of a scholler, but that the draper hath blackt him ouer, hath not gotten the stile of the time.

Ster. By my fayth sonne looke for no more portion.

Im. Well father, I will not, vpon this condition, that when thou haue gotten me the gratuito of the liuing, thou will likewise disburse a little mony to the bishops poter, for there are certaine questions *I* make scruple to be posed in.

Acad. He meanes any question in Lattin, which he counts a scruple, oh this honest man could neuer abide this popish tounge of Latine, oh he is as true an English man as liues.

Ster. Ile take the gentleman now, he is in a good vayne, for he smiles.

Amor. Sweete Ouid, I do honour euery page.

Acad. Good *Ouid* that in his life time, liued with the *Getes*, and now after his death conuerseth with a Barbarian.

Ster. God bee at your worke Sir: my Sonne told me you were the grating gentleman, I am *Stercutio* his father Sir, simple as I stand here.

Acad. Fellow, I had rather giuen thee an hundred pounds, then thou should haue put me out of my excellent meditation, by the faith of a gentleman I was rapt in contemplation.

Im. Sir you must pardon my father, he wants bringing vp.

Acad. Marry it seemes he hath good bringing vp, when he brings vp so much mony.

Ster. Indeede Sir, you must pardon me, I did not knowe you were a gentleman of the Temple before.

Amor. Well I am content in a generous disposition to beare with country education, but fellow whats thy name?

Ster. My name Sir, *Stercutio* Sir.

Amor. Why

Why then *Stercutio*, I would be very willing to be the instrument to my father, that this liuing might be conferred vpon your sonne: mary I would haue you know, that I haue bene importuned by two or three seueral Lordes, my Kinde cozins, in the behalfe of some Cambridge man: and haue almost engaged my word. Mary if I shall see your disposition to be more thankfull then other men, I shalbe very ready to respect kind natur'd men: for as the Italian prouerbe speaketh wel, *Chi ha haura.*

Acad. why here is a gallant young drouer of liuings.

Ster. I beseech you sir speake English, for that is naturall to me & to my sonne, and all our kindred, to vnderstand but one language.

Amor. Why thus in plaine english: I must be respected with thanks.

Acad. This is a subtle tractiue, when thanks may be felt and seene.

Ster. And I pray you Sir, what is the lowest thanks that you will take?

Acad. The verye same Method that he vseth at the buying of an oxe.

Amor. I must haue some odd sprinckling of an hundred pounds, if so, so, I shall thinke you thankfull, and commend your sonne as a man of good giftes to my father.

Acad. A sweete world, giue an hundred poundes, and this is but counted thankfullnesse.

Ster. Harke thou Sir, you shall haue 80. thankes.

Amor. I tell thee fellow, I neuer opened my mouth in this kind so cheape before in my life. I tel thee, few young Gentlemen are found that would deale so kindely with thee as I doe.

Ster. Well Sir, because I know my sonne to be a toward thing and one that hath taken all his learning on his owne head, without sending to the vniuersitye, I am content to giue you as many thankes as you aske, so you will promise me to bring it to passe.

Amor. I warrant you for that: if I say it once, repayre you to the place, and stay there, for my father, he is walked abroad to take

take the benefit of the ayre. Ile meete him as he returnes, and make way for your suite.

Exeunt Ster. Im.

Act. 2. Scen. 5.

Enter Academico. Amoretto.

Amor. Gallant, I faith.

Acad. I see we schollers fish for a liuing in these shallow foardes without a siluer hoock. Why, wold it not gal a man to see a spruse gartered youth, of our Colledge a while ago, be a broker for a liuing, & an old Baude for a benefice? This sweete Sir profered me much kindenesse when hee was of our Colledge, and now Ile try what winde remaynes in his bladder. God saue you Sir.

Amor. By the masse I feare me I saw this Genus & Species in Cambridge before now: Ile take no notice of him now: by the faith of a gentleman this is pretty Ellegy. Of what age is the day fellow? Syrrha boy, hath the groome saddled my hunting hobby? can Robin hunter tel where a hare sits.

Acad. See a poore old friend of yours, of S. Colledge in Cambridge.

Am. Good fayth Sir you must pardon me. I haue forgotten you.

Acad. My name is *Academico* Sir, one that made an oration for you once on the Queenes day, and a show that you got some credit by.

Amor. It may be so, it may bee so, but I haue forgotten it: marry yet I remember there was such a fellow that I was very beneficiall vnto in my time. But howsoeuer Sir, I haue the curtesie of the towne for you. I am sory you did not take me at my fathers house: but now I am in exceding great hast, for I haue vowed the death of a hare that wee found this morning musing on her meaze.

Acad. Sir I am imboldned, by that great acquaintance that

heretofore I had with you, as likewise it hath pleased you heretofore.

Amor. Looke syrrha, if you see my Hobby come hetherward as yet.

Acad. To make me some promises, I am to request your good mediation to the Worshipfull your father, in my behalfe: and I will dedicate to your selfe in the way of thankes, those dayes I haue to liue

Amor. O good Sir, if I had knowne your minde before, for my father hath already giuen the induction to a Chapdame of his owne, to a proper man, I know not of what Vniuersitie he is.

Acad. Signior *Immerito* they say, hath bidden sayrest for it.

Amor. I know not his name, but hee is a graue discreete man I warrant him, indeede hee wants vtterance in some measure.

Acad. Nay, me thinkes he hath very good vtterance, for his grauitie, for hee came hether very graue, but I thinke he will returne light enough, when he is ridde of the heauy element he carries about him.

Amor. Faith Sir, you must pardon mee, it is my ordinarie custome to be too studious, my Mistresse hath tolde me of it often, and I finde it to hurt my ordinary discourse: but say sweete Sir, do yee effect the most gentle-man-like game of hunting.

Acad. How say you to the crafty gull, hee would faine get mee abroad to make sport with mee in their Hunters termes, which we schollers are not acquainted with: sir I haue loued this kinde of sporte, but now I begin to hate it, for it hath beene my luck alwayes to beat the bush, while another kild the Hare.

Amor. Hunters luck, Hunters luck Sir, but there was a fault in your Hounds that did spend well.

Acad. Sir I haue had worse luck alwayes at hunting the Fox.

Am. What sir do you meane at the vnkennelling, vntapezing, or earthing of the Fox.

Acad.

Acad. I meane earthing, if you terme it so, for I neuer found yellow earth enough to couer the old Fox your father.

Amor. Good faith sir, there is an excellent skill in blowing for the terriers, it is a word that we hunters vse when the Fox is earthed, you must blow one long, two short, the second winde one long two short: now sir in blowing, euery long containeth 7. quauers, one short containeth 3. quauers.

Acad. Sir might I finde any fauour in my sute, I would wind the horne wherein your boone deserts should be founded with so many minims, so many quauers.

Amor. Sweet sir, I would I could conferre this or any kindnesse vpon you: I wonder the boy comes not away with my Hobby. Now sir, as I was proceeding: when you blow th death of your Fox in the field or couert, then must you sound 3. notes, with 3. windes, and recheat: marke you sir, vpon the same with 3. windes.

Acad. I pray you sir.

Amor. Now sir, when you come to your stately gate, as you sounded the recheat before, so now you must sound the releese three times.

Acad. Releese call you it? it were good euery patron would finde the horne.

Amor. O sir, but your reliefe is your sweetest note, that is sir, when your hounds hunt after a game vnknowne, and then you must sound one long and six short, the second wind, two short and one long, the third wind, one long & two short.

Acad. True sir, it is a very good trade now a dayes to be a villaine, I am the hound that hunts after a game vnknowne, & blowes the villaine.

Amor. Sir, I will blesse your eares with a very pretty story, my father out of his owne cost and charges keepes an open table for all kinde of dogges.

Acad. And he keepes one more by thee.

Amor. He hath your Grey-hound, your Mungrell, your Mastife, your Leurier, your Spaniell, your Kennets, Terriers, Butchers dogs, Bloud-hounds, Dunghill dogges, trindle tailes, prick-eard curres, small Ladies puppies, Caches and Bastards.

Acad. What a bawdy knaue hath he to his father, that keepes his *Rachell*, hath his baſtards, and lets his ſonnes be plaine Ladies puppets, to beray a Ladies Chamber.

Amor. It was my pleaſure two dayes ago, to take a gallant leaſh of Grey-hounds, and into my fathers Parke I went, accompanied with two or three Noble men of my neere acquaintance, deſiring to ſhew them ſome of the ſport: I cauſd the Keeper to ſeuer the raſcall Deere, from the Bucks of the firſt head: now ſir, a Bucke the firſt yeare is a Fawne, the ſecond yeare a pricket, the third yeare a Sorell, the fourth yeare a Soare, the fift a Buck of the firſt head, the ſixt yeare a compleat Buck: as likewiſe your Hart is the firſt yeare a Calfe, the ſecond yeare a Brochet, the third yeare a Spade, the fourth yeare a Stagge, the fift yeare a great Stag, the ſixt yeare a Hart: as likewiſe the Roa-bucke is the firſt yeare a Kid, the ſecond yeare a Girle, the third yeare a Hemuſe: and theſe are your ſpeciall beaſts for chaſe, or as wee Huntſmen call it, for venery.

Acad. If chaſte be taken for venery, thou art a more ſpeciall beaſt then any in thy fathers forreſt. Sir I am ſorry I haue been ſo troubleſome to you.

Am. I know this was the readieſt way to chaſe away the Scholler, by getting him into a ſubiect he cannot talke of, for his life. Sir I will borrow ſo much time of you as to finiſh this my begun ſtorie. Now ſir, after much trauell we ſingled a Buck, I rode that ſame time vpon a Roane gelding, and ſtood to intercept from the thicket: the Buck broke gallantly: my great Swift being diſaduantaged in his ſlip was at the firſt behinde, marry preſently coted and out-ſtript them, when as the Hart preſently diſcended to the Riuer, and being in the water, proferd, and reproferd, and proferd againe: and at laſt he vpſtarted at the other ſide of the water which we call ſoyle of the Hart, and there other Huntſmen met him with an adauntreley: we followed in hard chaſe for the ſpace of eight houres, thriſe our hounds were at deſault, and then we cryed a ſlaine, ſtreight ſo ho: through good reclaiming my faulty hounds found their game againe, and ſo went through the wood with

gallant

gallant noice of muſicke, reſembling ſo many Violls Degambo: at laſt the Hart laid him downe, and the Hounds ſeized vpon him, he groned, and wept, and dyed. In good faith it made me weepe too, to thinke of *Acteons* fortune, which my *Ouid* ſpeakes of. *He reades Ouid.*

Militat omnis amans, & habet ſua caſtra Cupido.

Acad. Sir, can you put me in any hope of obtayning my ſute.

Amor. In good faith Sir, if I did not loue you as my ſoule, I would not make you acquainted with the myſteries of my Art.

Acad. Naye, I will not dye of a diſcourſe yet, if I can chooſe.

Amor. So ſir, when we had rewarded our Dogges with the ſmall guttes and the lights, and the bloud: the Huntſmen hallowed, So ho, *Venus* a coupler, and ſo coupled the Dogges, and then returned homeward: another company of Houndes that lay at aduantage, had their couples caſt off and we might heare the Huntſmen cry, *horſe, decouple, Auant*, but ſtreight we hearde him cry, *le Amond*, and by that I knewe that they had the hare and on foote, and by and by I might ſee ſore and reſore, prick, and reprick: what is he gone? ha ha ha ha, theſe ſchollers are the ſimpleſt creatures.

Actus 2. Scen. 6.

Enter Amoretto and his Page.

Page. I wonder what is become of that *Ouid de arte amandi*, my maiſter he that for the practiſe of his diſcourſe is wonte to court his hobby abroad and at home, in his chamber makes a ſett ſpeech to his greyhound, deſiring that moſt fayre and amiable dog to grace his company in a ſtately galliard, and if the dog, ſeeing him practiſe his luſty pointes, as his croſpoint backcaper, chance to beray the roome, he preſently doffes his Cap, moſt ſolemnly makes a low-leg to his Lady Ship, taking it for the greateſt fauour in the world, that ſhee would vouchſafe to leaue her Ciuet box, or her ſweete gloue behind her.

Amor. He opens *Ouid* and reads it.

Page. Not a word more Sir, an't please you, your Hobby will meete you at the lanes end.

Am. What *Iack*, faith I cannot but vent vnto thee a most witty iest of mine.

Page. I hope my maister will not breake winde: wilt please you sir to bestow mine eares with the discourse of it.

Am. Good faith, the boy begins to haue an elegant smack of my stile: why then thus it was *Iack*: a scurvie meere *Cambridge* scholler, I know not how to define him.

Page. Nay maister, let mee define a meere Scholler, I heard a Courtier once define a meere scholler, to bee *animal scabiosum*, that is, a living creature that is troubled with the itch: or a meere scholler, is a creature that can strike fire in the morning at his Tinder-box, put on a paire of lined slippers, sit newming till dinner, and then go to his meate when the Bell rings, one that hath a peculiar gift in a cough, and a licence to spit: or if you will haue him defined by negatiues. He is one that cannot make a good legge, one that cannot eate a messe of broth cleanly, one that cannot ride a horse without spur-galling: one that cannot salute a woman, and looke on her directly, one that cannot ——

Am. Inough *Iacke*, I can stay no longer, I am so great in child-birth with this iest: Sirrha, this prædicable, this saucy groome, because when I was in *Cambridge*, and lay in a Trundlebed vnder my Tutor, I was content in discreet humilitie, to giue him some place at the Table, and because I inuited the hungrie slaue sometimes to my Chamber, to the canuasing of a Turkie Pye, or a piece of Venison, which my Lady Grand-mother sent me, he thought himselfe therefore eternally possest of my loue, and came hither to take acquaintance of me, and thought his old familiaritie did continue, and would beare him out in a matter of weight. I could not tell how to rid my selfe better of the troublesome Burre, then by getting him into the discourse of Hunting, and then tormenting him awhile with our wordes of Arte, the poore Scorpion became speechelesse, and suddenly raushed. These

Cleatkes

Clearkes are simple fellowes, simple fellowes. *He reads Ouid.*

Page. Simple indeed they are, for they want your courtly composition of a foole and of a knaue. Good faith sir a most absolute iest, but me thinkes it might haue beene followed a little farther.

Am. As how my little knaue.

Pag. Why thus Sir, had you inuited him to dinner at your table, and haue put the carueing of a Capon vpon him, you should haue seene him handle the knife so foolishly, then run through a iury of faces, then wagging his head, & shewing his teeth in familiaritie, venter vpon it with the same method that he was wont to vntrusse an Apple pie, or tyrannise an Egge and Butter, then would I had applied him all dinner time with cleane trenchers, cleane trenchers, & still when he had a good bit of meate, I would haue taken it from him, by giuing him a cleane Trencher, and so haue serued him in kindnesse.

Am. Well said subtle Iack, put me in minde when I returne againe, that I may make my Lady Mother laugh at the Scholler. Ile to my game: for you Iacke, I would haue you imploy your time till my comming, in watching what houre of the day my Hawke mutes. *Exit.*

Page. Is not this an excellent office to be Apothecarie to his worships hawke, to sit scouting on the wall, how the Phisicke workes, and is not my maister an absolute villaine, that loues his Hawke his Hobby, and his Grey-hound, more then any mortall creature: do but dispraise a feather of his hawkes traine, and he writhes his mouth, and sweares, for he can doe that onely with a good grace, that you are the most shallow braind fellow that liues: do but say his horse stales with a good presence, and hee's your bond-slaue: when he returnes Ile tell twentie admirable lyes of his hawke, and then I shall be his little rogue & his white villaine for a whole weeke after. Well let others complaine, but I thinke there is no felicitie to the seruing of a foole.

Act. 3. Scen. 1.

Sir Rad. Recorder. Page. Sig. Immerito.

S. Rad. Signior *Immerito*, you remember my caution, for the

the tithes, & my promise for farming my tithes at such a rate.

Im. I, and please your worship Sir.

Sir Rad. You must put in security for the performance of it in such sorte as I and maister Recorder shall like of.

Im. I will an't please your worship.

S. Rad. And because I will be sure that I haue conferred this kindenesse vpon a sufficient man, I haue desired maister Recorder to take examination of you.

Pag. My maister (it seemes) tak's him for a thiefe, but he hath small reason for it, as for learning it's plaine he neuer stole any, and for the liuing he knowes himselfe how he comes by it, for lett him but eate a measse of furmenty this seauen yeare, and yet he shall neuer be able to recouer himselfe: alas poore sheepe that hath fallen into the hands of such a fox.

S. Rad. Good maister Recorder take your place by me, and make tryall of his gifts. is the clerke there to record his examination, oh the Page shall serue the turne.

Pag. Tryal of his gifts, neuer had any gifts a better tryal, why *Immerito* his gifts haue appeared in as many coloures, as the Rayn-bowe, first to maister *Amoretto* in colour of the sattine suite he weares: to my Lady in the similitude of a loose gowne: to my maister, in the likenesse of a siluer basen, and ewer: to vs Pages in the semblance of new suites and poyntes. So maister *Amoretto* playes the gul in a piece of a parsonage: my maister adornes his cuppoord with a piece of a parsonage, my mistres vpon good dayes, puts on a piece of a parsonage, and we Pages playe at blowe pointe for a piece of a parsonage, I thinke heer's tryall inough for one mans gifts.

Reco. For as much as nature hath done her part in making you a hansome likely man.

Pag He is a hansome young man indeed, and hath a proper gelded parsonage.

Reco. In the next place, some art is requisite for the perfection of nature: for the tryall whereof, at the request of my worshipfull friend, *I* will in some sorte propound questions fitt to be resolued by one of your profession, say what is a person that was neuer at the vniuersity.

Im.

Im. A person that was neuer in the vniuersity, is a liuing creature that can eate a tithe pigge.

Rec. Very well answerd, but you should haue added, and must be officious to his patrone: write downe that answer to shew his learning in logick.

Sir Rad. Yea boy write that downe. Very learnedly in good faith, I pray now let me aske you one question that I remember, whether is the Masculine gender or the feminine more worthy?

Im. The Feminine sir.

Sir Rad. The right answer, the right answer. In good faith I haue beene of that mind alwayes; write boy that, to shew hee is a Grammarian.

Pag. No maruell my maister be against the Grammer, for he hath alwayes made false latine in the Genders.

Rec. What Vniuersity are you of?

Im. Of none.

Sir. Rad. He tells trueth, to tell trueth is an excellent vertue, Boy make two heads, one for his learning another for his vertues, and referre this to the head of his vertues, not of his learning.

Pag. What, halfe a messe of good qualities referred to an asse head?

Sir Rad. Nowe maister Recorder, if it please you I will examine him in an author, that will sound him to the depth, a booke of Astronomy otherwise called an Almanacke.

Rec. Very good, Sir *Raderike*, it were to be wished that there were no other booke of humanity, then there would not bee such busie state-prying fellowes as are now a dayes, proceede good sir.

Sir. Rad. What is the Dominicall letter?

Im. C, sir, and please your worship.

Sir Rad. A very good answer, a very good answer, the very answer of the booke, write downe that and referre it to his skill in philosophy.

Pag. C, the Dominicall letter: it is true, craft and cunning do

ſo dominere: yet rather C and D, are dominicall letters, that is craſty Dunſery.

S. Rad. How many daies hath September?

Im. Aprill, Iune and Nouember, February hath 28. alone and all the reſt hath 30 and one.

S. Rad. Very learnedly in good faith, he hath alſo a ſmacke in poetry, write downe that boy, to ſhew his learning in poetry.

How many miles from Waltham to London?

Im. Twelue Sir.

S. Rad. How many from Newmarket to Grantham?

Im. Ten Sir.

Pag. Without doubt he hath beene ſome Carriers horſe.

S. Rad. How call you him that is cunning in 1.2.3.4.5. and the Cipher?

Im. A good Arithmatician.

S. Rad. Write downe that anſweare of his, to ſhow his learning in Arithmetick:

Pag. He muſt nedes be a good Arithmetician that counted money ſo lately.

S. *Rad.* When is the new moone?

Im. The laſt quarter the 5. day at 2. of the cloke and 38. minuts in the morning.

S. Rad. Write him downe, how cal you him, that is weather-wiſe?

Recor. A good Aſtonomer.

S. *Rad.* Sirrha boy write him downe for a good Aſtronomer.

Page. As Colit aſtra.

S. Rad. What day of the month lights the Queenes day on?

Im. The 17. of Nouember.

S. Rad. Boy refeere this to his vertues, and write him down a good ſubiect.

Pag. Faith he were an excellent ſubiect for 2. or 3. good wits. he would make a fine Aſſe for an ape to ride vpon.

S. Rad. And theſe ſhall ſuffice for the parts of his learning, now it remaines to try whether you bee a man of good vtterance.

rance, that is, whether you can aske for the strayed Heifer with the white face, as also chide the boyes in the belfrie, and bid the Sexton whippe out the dogges: let mee heare your voyce.

Im. If any man or woman.

S. Rad. Thats too high.

Im. If any man or woman.

S. Rad. Thats too lowe.

Im. If any man or woman, can tell any tydings of a Horse with fowre feete, two eares, that did straye about the seuenth howre, three minutes in the forenoone the fift day.

Page. I tooke of a horse iust as it were the Ecclipse of the Moone.

S. Rad. Boy wryte him downe for a good vtterance: Maister Recorder I thinke he hath beene examined sufficiently.

Rec. I, *Sir Radericke*, tis so, wee haue tride him very throughly.

Pag. I we haue taken an inuentory of his good parts and prized them accordingly.

S. Rad. Signior I*mmerito*, forasmuch as we haue made a double tryall of thee, the one of your learning, the other of your erudition: it is expedient also in the next place to giue you a fewe exhortations, considering the greatest Clarkes are not the wisest men: this is therefore first to exhort you to abstaine from Controuersies. Secondly not to gird at men of worship, such as my selfe, but to vse your selfe discreetly. Thirdly not to speake when any man or woman coughs: doe so, and in so doing I will perseuer to bee your worshipfull friend and louing patron.

I*m.* I thanke your worship, you haue beene the deficient cause of my preferment.

Sir Rad. Lead I*mmerito* in to my sonne, and let him dispatch him, and remember my tithes to bee reserued, paying twelue pence a yeare. I am going to Moore-fieldes, to

speake with an vnthrift I should meete at the middle Temple about a purchase, when you haue done follow vs. *Exeunt Immerito* and the Page.

Act. 3. Scen. 2.
Sir Rad: and Recorder.

Sir Rad. Harke you Maister Recorder, I haue fleſht my prodigall boy notably, notablie in letting him deale for this liuing, that hath done him much, much good I assure you.

Rec. You doe well Sir *Raderick*, to bestowe your liuing vpon such an one as will be content to share, and on Sunday to say nothing, whereas your proud vniuersity princox thinkes he is a man of such merit the world cannot sufficiently endow him with preferment, an vnthankfull viper, an vnthankefull Viper that will sting the man that reuiued him.

Why ist not strange to see a ragged clarke,
Some stamell weauer or some butchers sonne:
That scrubd a late within a sleeueles gowne,
When the Commencement, like a morice dance,
Hath put a bell or two about his legges,
Created him a sweet cleane gentleman:
How then he gins to follow fashions.
He whose thin sire dwell in a smokye roufe,
Must take Tobacco and must weare a locke.
His thirsty Dad drinkes in a wooden bowle,
But his sweet selfe is seru'd in siluer plate.
His hungry sire will scrape you twenty leggos,
For one good Christmas meale on New-yeares day.
But his mawe must be Capon crambd each day,
He must ere long be triple beneficed,
Els with his tongue hee'l thunderbolt the world,
And shake each pesant by his deafe-mans eare.
But had the world no wiser men then I,
Weede pen the prating parates in a cage,
A chayre a candle and a Tinderbox.

A thacked chamber and a ragged gowne
Should be their landes and whole possessions,
Knights, Lords, & lawyers should be log'd & dwel
Within those ouer stately heapes of stone.
Which doting syres in old age did erect.

Well it were to be wished that neuer a scholler in England might haue aboue fortie pound a yeare.

Sir Rad. Faith maister Recorder, if it went by wishing, there should neuer an one of them all haue aboue twentie a yeare: a good stipend, a good stipēd maister Recorder. In the meane time, howsoeuer I hate them all deadly, yet I am fayne to giue them good words. Oh they are pestilent fellowes, they speake nothing but bodkins, and pisse vinegar. Well, do what I can in outward kindnesse to them, yet they doe nothing but beray my house: as there was one that made a couple of knauish verses on my country Chimney now in the time of my soiourning here at London: and it was thus.

Sir *Raderick* keepes no Chimney Cauelere,
That takes Tobacco aboue once a yeare.

And an other made a couple of verses on my Daughter that learnes to play on the viall *de gambo*,

Her vyall *de gambo* is her best content,
For twixt her legges she holds her instrument.

Very knauish, very knauish, if you looke vnto it maister Recorder, Nay they haue playd many a knauish tricke beside with me. Well, tis a shame indeede there should be any such priuilege for proud beggars as Cambridge, and Oxford are. But let them go, and if euer they light in my handes, if I do not plague them, let me neuer returne home againe to see my wifes wayting mayde.

Recor. This scorne of knights is too egregious.
But how should these young coltes proue amblers,
When the old heauy gailed iades do trot:
There shall you see a puny boy start vp,
And make a theame against common lawyers:
Then the old vnweldy Camels gin to dance,
This fiddling boy playing a fit of mirth:

The gray bearde ſcrubbe, and laugh and cry good, good,
To them againe, boy ſcurdge the barbarians:
But we may giue the looſers leaue to talke,
We haue the coyne, then tel them laugh for me.
Yet knights and lawyers hope to ſee the day.
When we may ſhare here their poſſeſſions,
And make Indentures of their chaffred ſkins:
Dice of their bones to throw in meriment.

Sir Rad. O good fayth maiſter Recorder, if I could ſee that day once.

Rec. Well remember another day, what I ſay: ſchollers are pryed into of late, and are found to bee buſye fellowes, diſturbers of the peace, Ile ſay no more, geſſe at my meaning, I ſmel a ratt.

Sir Rad. I hope at length England will be wiſe enough, I hope ſo, I faith, then an old knight may haue his wench in a corner without any Satyres or Epigrams. But the day is farre ſpēt, maiſt. Recotder, & I feare by this time the vnthrift is arriued at the place appointed in Moore fields, let vs haſtē to him.

He lookes on his watch.

Recor. Indeed this dayes ſubiect tranſported vs too late, I thinke we ſhall not come much too late. *Exeunt.*

Act. 3. Scen. 3.

Enter Amoretto, his page, Immerito booted.

Amor. Maiſter *Immerito* deliuer this letter to the poſer in my fathers name: marry withall ſome ſprinkling, ſome ſprinkling *verbum ſapienti ſat eſt.* farwell maiſter *Immerito.*

Imer. I thanke your worſhip moſt hartely.

Pag. Is it not a ſhame to ſee this old dunce learning his Induction at theſe yeares: but let him go, I looſe nothing by him, for Ile be ſworne but for the booty of ſelling the parſonage I ſhould haue gone in mine old cloathes this Chriſtmas. A dunce I ſee is a neighbourlike brute breaſt, a man may liue by him.

Amor, ſeemes to make verſe.

Amor.

Amor. A pox on it, my muse is not so witty as shee was wonte to be, her nose is like, not yet. plague on these mathematikes, they haue spoyled my brayne in making a verse.

Page. Hang me if he hath any more mathematikes then will serue to count the clocke, or tell the meridian howre by rumbling of his panch.

Am. Her nose is like.

Page. A coblers shooinghorne.

Am. Her nose is like a beauteous maribone.

Pag. Marry a sweete snotty mistres.

Amor. Fayth I do not like it yet: asse as I was to reade a peece of *Aristotle* in greeke yesternight, it hath put mee out of my English vaine quite.

Pag. O monstrous lye, let me be a pointtrusser while I liue if he vnderstands any tongue but English.

Amor. Sirrha boy remember me when I come in Paules Churchyard to by a Ronzard, & *Dubartas* in french & Aretine in Italian, and our hardest writers in spanish, they wil sharpen my witts gallantly. I doe relish these tongues in some sort. Oh now I do remember I heare a report of a Poet newly come out in hebrew, it is a pretty harsh tongue, and relish a gentleman traueller, but come letts hast after my father, the fields are fittest to heauenly meditations.

Exeunt.

Page. My maisters, I could wish your presence at an admirable iest, why presently this great linguist my master will march through Paules Church-yard. Come to a bookebinders shop, and with a big Italian looke and a spanish face aske for these bookes in spanish and Italian, then turning, through his ignorance, the wrong end of the booke vpward vse action, on this vnknowne tong after this sort, first looke on the title and wrinckle his browe, next make as though he red the first page and bites a lip, then with his nayle score the margent as though there were some notable conceit, and lastly when he thinkes hee hath gulld the standers by sufficiently, throwes the booke away in a rage swearing that hee could neuer

finde

finde bookes of a true printe since he was last in *Ioadna*, enquire after the next marte, and so departes. And so must I, for by this time his contemplation is arriued at his mistres nose end, he is as glad as if he had taken Ostend: by his time he begins to spit, and cry boy, carry my cloake: and now *I* go to attend on his worship.

Act. 2. Scen 4.

Enter Ingenioso, Furor, Phantasma.

Ing. Come ladds, this wine whetts your resolution in our designe: it's a needy world with subtill spirits, and there's a gentle manlike kinde of begging, that may beseeme Poets in this age.

Furor. Now by the wing of nimble Mercury,
By my Thalias siluer sounding harpe:
By that cæleſtiall fier within my brayne,
That giues a liuing genius to my lines:
How ere my dulled intellectuall.
Capres leſſe nimbly then it did a fore,
Yet will I play a hunt's up to my muſe:
And make her mount from out her ſhuggiſh neſt,
As high as is the higheſt ſpheere in heauen:
Awake you paltry trulles of *Helicon*,
Or by this light *Ile* Swagger with you ſtreight:
You grandſyre *Phœbus* with your louely eye,
The firmaments eternall vagabond,
The heauens promoter that doth peepe and prye,
Into the actes of mortall tennis balls,
Inſpire me ſtreight with ſome rare delicies,
Or *Ile* diſmount thee from thy radiant coach:
And make thee poore Cutchy here on earth.

Phan. Currus auriga paterni.

Ing. Nay prethe good *Furor*, doe not roaue in rimes before thy time: thou haſt a very terrible roaring muſe, nothing but ſquibs and fine ierkes, quiet thy ſelfe a while and heare thy charge.

Phan.

Phan. *Huc ades hac, animo concipe dicta tuo.*

Ingeni. Let vs on to our deuise, our plot, our proiect. That old Sir *Roderick*, that new printed *compendium* of all inquitye, that hath not ayred his countrey Chimney once in 3. winters: he that loues to liue in an od corner here at London, and effect an odde wench in a nooke, one that loues to liue in a narrow roome, that he may with more facility in the darke, light vpon his wifes waiting maide, one that loues alife a short sermon and a long play, one that goes to a play, to a whore, to his bedde in Circle, good for nothing in the world but to sweate nightcaps, & foule faire lawne shirtes, feede a few foggy seruing men, and preferre dunces to liuings. This old Sir *Roderick* (*Furor*) it shall be thy taske to cudgell with thy thick thwart tearmes: marry at the first giue him some sugar candy tearmes, and then if he will not vnty purse stringes, of his liberality, sting him with tearmes layd in *aqua fortis* and gunpowder.

Furor. *In noua fert animus mutatas dicere formas.*

The Seruile current of my slyding verse,
Gentle shal runne into his thick skind eares:
Where it shall dwell like a magnifico,
Command his slymie spright to honour me:
For my high tiptoe strouting poesye.
But if his starrs hath fauour'd him so ill,
As to debarre him by his dunghil thoughts,
Iustly to esteeme my verses lowting pitch:
If his earth wroting snout shal gin to scorne,
My verse that giueth immortality:
Then, *Bella per Emathios.*

Phan. *Furor arma ministrat.*

Furor. Ile shake his heart vpon my verses poynte,
Rip out his gutts with riuyng poinard:
Quarter his credit with a bloody quill.

Phan. *Calami, Atramentum, charta, libelli,*
Sunt semper studijs arma parata tuis.

Ing. Inough *Furor*, wee know thou art a nimble swaggerer with a goose quill: now for you *Phantasma*, leaue trussing your pointes and listen.

Phan. Omne tulit punctum.

Ing. Marke you *Amoretto* Sir *Radericks* sonne, to him shall thy piping poetry and sugar endes of verses be directed, he is one, that wil draw out his pocket glasse thrise in a walke, one that dreames in a night of nothing, but muske and ciuet, and talke of nothing all day long but his hauke, his hound, and his mistres, one that more admires the good wrinckle of a boote, the curious crinkling of a silke stocking, then all the witt in the world: one that loues no scholler but him whose tyred eares can endure halfe a day togither, his fliblowne sonnetes of his mistres, and her louing pretty creatures, her munckey and her puppet: it shal bee thy task (*Phantasma*) to cut this gulles throate with faire tearmes, and if he hold fast for al thy iuggling rettoricke, fal at defyance with him, and the poking sticke he weares.

Phan. Simul extulit ensem.

Ing. Come braue mips, gather vp your spiritts and let vs march on like aduenturous knights, and discharge a hundreth poeticall spiritts vpon them.

Phan. Est deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo. *Exeunt.*

Act. 3. Scen. 5.

Enter Philomusus, Studioso.

Stud. Well *Philomusus*, we neuer scaped so faire a scouring: why yonder are pursevantes out for the french Doctor, and a lodging bespoken for him and his man in newgate. It was a terrible feare that made vs cast our hayre.

Phil. And canst thou sport at our calamityes?
And counte'st vs happy to scape prisonment?
Why the wide world that blesseth some with wayle,
Is to our chayned thoughts a darkesome gayle:.

Stud. Nay prethee friend these wonted tearmes forgo,
He doubles griefe that comments on a wo.

Phil. Why do fond men tearme it impiety,
To send a wearisome sadde grudging Ghost,

Vnto

Vnto his home, his long, long, lasting home?
Or let them make our life lesse greeuous be,
Or suffer vs to end our misery.

Stud. Oh no the sentinell his watch must keepe,
Vntill his Lord do lycence him to sleepe:

Phil. It's time to sleepe within our hollowe graues,
And rest vs in the darkesome wombe of earth:
Dead things are graued, and bodies are no lesse
Pined and forlorne like Ghostly carcases.

Stud. Not long this tappe of loathed life can runne,
Soone commeth death, and then our woe is done.
Meane time good *Philomusus* be content,
Letts spend our dayes in hopefull merryment.

Phil. Curst be our thoughts whē ere they dreame of hope:
Band be those happs that henceforth flatter vs,
When mischiefe doggs vs still and still for aye,
From our first byrth vntill our burying day.
In our first gamesome age, our doting sires
Carked and cared to haue vs lettered:
Sent vs to Cambridge where our cyle is spent:
Vs our kinde Colledge from the teate did teate:
And for'st vs walke before we weaned weare,
From that time since wandred haue we still:
In the wide world, vrg'd by our forced will,
Nor euer haue we happy fortune tryed:
Then why should hope with our tent state abide?
Nay let vs run vnto the basefull caue,
Pight in the hollow ribbs of craggy cliffe,
Where dreary owles do shrike the liue-long night,
Chasing away the byrdes of chearefull light:
Where yawning Ghosts do howle in ghastly wise,
Where that dull hollow ey'd that staring, fyre,
Yclept *Dispaire* hath his sad mansion,
Him let vs finde, and by his counsell we,
Will end our too much yrked misery.

Stud. To wayle thy happs argues a dastard minde.

Phil. To heare too long argues an asses kinde.

Stud. Long since the worst chance of the die was cast,
Phil. But why should that word *worst* so long time last?
Stud. Why doth *thou* now these sleepie plaintes commence?
Phil. Why should I ere be duld with patience?
Stud. Wise folke do beare with, strugling cannot mend.
Phil. Good spirits must with thwarting fates contend
Stud. Some hope is left our fortunes to redresse,
Phil. No hope but this, ere to be comfortlesse.
Stud. Our liues remainder gentler hearts may finde,
Phil. The gentlest harts to vs will proue vnkind.

Act. 4. Scen. 1.

Sir Radericke and Prodigo, at one corner of the Stage. Recor: and Amoretto at the other. Two Pages scouring of Tobacco pipes.

Sir.Rad. M. *Prodigo*, M. *Recorder* hath told you lawe, your land is forfeited: and for me not to take the forfeiture, were to breake the Queenes law, for marke you, its law to take the forfeiture: therefore not to breake it is to breake the Queenes law. and to breake the Queenes law is not to be a good subiect, and *I* meane to bee a good subiect. Besides, I am a Iustice of the peace, and being Iustice of the peace I must do iustice, that is law, that is to take the forfeiture, especially hauing taken notice of it. Marrie Maister *Prodigo*, here are a few shillings, ouer and besides the bargaine.

Prod. Pox on your shillings, sblood a while agoe, before he had me in the lurch, who but my coozen *Prodigo*, you are welcome my coozen *Prodigo*, take my coozen *Prodigoes* horse, a cup of Wine for my coozen *Prodigo*, good faith you shall sit here good coozen *Prodigo*, a cleane trencher for my coozen *Prodigo*, haue a speciall care of my coozen *Prodigoes* lodging: now maister *Prodigo* with a pox, and a few shillings for a vantage, a plague on your shillings, pox on your shillings, if it were not for the Sergeant which dogges me at my

my heeles, a plague on your shillings, pox on your shillings, pox on your selfe and your shillings, pox on your worship, if I catch thee at *Ostend*: I dare not staye for the Sergeant. *Exit.*

S.Rad.pag. Good faith Maister *Prodigo* is an excellent fellow, he takes the *Gulan ebullitio* so excellently.

Amor.Page. He is a good liberall Gentleman, he hath bestowed an ounce of Tobacco vpon vs, and as long as it lasts, come cut and long-taile, weele spend it as liberally for his sake.

S.Rad.Page. Come fill the Pipe quickly, while my maister is in his melancholie humour, it siuit the melancholy of a Colliers horse.

Amor.page. If you cough *Iacke* after your Tobacco, for a punishment you shall kisse the Pantofle.

S. Rad. It's a foule ouer-sight, that a man of worship cannot keepe a wench in his house. but there must be muttering and surmising: it was the wisest saying that my father euer vttered, that a wife was the name of necessitie, not of pleasure: for what do men marry for, but to stocke their ground, and to haue one to looke to the linnen, sit at the vpper end of the table, and carue vp a Capon: one that can weare a hood like a Hawke, and couer her foule face with a Fanne: but there's no pleasure alwayes to be tyed to a piece of Mutton, sometimes a messe of stewd broth will do well, and an vnlac'd Rabbet is best of all: well for mine owne part, I haue no great cause to complaine, for I am well prouided of three bounsing wenches, that are mine owne fee-simple: one of them I am presently to visit, if I can rid my selfe cleanly of this company. Let me see how the day goes: (*hee puls his Watch out.*) precious coales, the time is at hand, I must meditate on an excuse to be gone.

Record. The which I say, is grounded on the Statute I spake of before, enacted in the raigne of *Henry* the 6.

Amor. It is a plaine case, whereon I mooted in our Temple, and that was this: put case there be three bretheren, *Iohn a Nokes*, *Iohn a Nash*, and *Iohn a Stile*: *Iohn a Nokes* the elder, *Iohn a Nash* the younger, *Iohn a Stile* the youngest of all, *Iohn*

a Naſh the younger, dyeth without iſſue of his body lawfully begotten: whether ſhall his lands aſcend to *Iohn a Noakes* the elder, or diſcend to *Iohn a Stile* the youngeſt of all? The anſwer is: The lands do collaterally deſcend, not aſcend.

Record. Very true, and for a proofe hereof, I will ſhew you a place in *Littleton*, which is verye pregnant in this point.

Actus 4. Scena 2.

Enter Ingenioſo, Furor, Phantaſma.

Ing. Ile pawne my wittes, that is, my reuenues, my land, my money, and whatſoeuer I haue, for I haue nothing but my wit, that they are at hand: why any ſenſible ſnout may winde Maiſter *Amoretto* and his Pomander, Maiſter *Recorder* and his two neates feete that weare no ſockes, Sir *Radericke* by his rammiſh complexion. *Olet Gorgoinus hyrcum, S't. Lupus in fabula. Furor* fire the Touch-box of your witte: *Phantaſma*, let your inuention play tricks like an Ape: begin thou *Furor*, and open like a phlapmouthed Hound: follow thou *Phantaſma* like a Ladies Puppie: and as for me, let me alone, Ile come after like a Water-dogge that will ſhake them off, when I haue no vſe of them: My maiſters, the watch-word is giuen. *Furor* diſcharge.

Furor to *S.Rad.*
The great proiector of the Thunder-bolts,
He that is wont to piſſe whole clouds of raine,
Into the earth vaſt gaping vrinall,
Which that one ey'd ſubiicer of the skie,
Don Phœbus empties by caliditie:
He and his Towneſmen *Planets* brings to thee,
Moſt fatty lumpes of earths facilitie.

S.Rad. Why will this fellowes Engliſh breake the Queenes peace, I will not ſeeme to regarde him.

Macaron

Phant. to *Am.* | *Mecœnas atauis edite regibus,*
O et præsidium, & dulce decus meum,
Dij faciant votis vela secunda tuis.

Ing. God saue you good maister *Recorder*; and good fortunes follow your deserts: I thinke I haue curst him sufficiently in few words.

S. Rad. What haue we here, three begging Souldiers, come you from *Ostend*, or from *Ireland*?

Pag. Cuium pecus, an Melibei? I haue vented all the Latin one man had.

Phan. Quid dicam amplius? domini similis es.

Amor. pag. Let him alone I pray thee, to him againe, tickle him there.

Phant. Quam dispari domino dominaris?

Rec. Nay that's plaine in *Littleton*, for if that fee-simple, and the fee taile be put together, it is called hotch potch: now this word hotch potch in English is a Pudding, for in such a pudding is not commonly one thing onely, but one thing with another.

Amor. I thinke I do remember this also at a mooting in our Temple: so then this hotch potch seemes a terme of similitude.

Furor to *S. Rad.* Great *Capricornus*, of thy head take keepe,
Good *Virgo* watch, while that thy worship sleepe,
And when thy swelling vents amaine,
Then *Pisces* be thy sporting Chamberlaine.

S. Rad. I thinke the deuill hath sent some of his family to torment me.

Amor. There is taile generall and taile speciall, and *Littleton* is very copious in that theame: for taile generall is, when lands are giuen to a man and his heyres of his body begotten: Taile speciall, is when lands are giuen to a man, and to his wife, and to the heires of their two bodyes lawfully begotten, and that is called Taile speciall.

S. Rad. Very well, and for his oath I will giue a distinction: there is a materiall oath, and a formall oath: the formall oath

may

may be broken, the materiall may not be broken: for marke you ſir, the law is to take place before the conſcience, and therefore you may, vſing me your counſeller, caſt him in the ſute: there wants nothing to the full meaning of this place.

Phant. Nihil hic niſi Carmina deſunt.

Ing. An excellent obſeruation in good faith, ſee how the old Fox teacheth the young Cub to wurry a ſheepe, or rather ſits himſelfe like an old Gooſe, hatching the addle braine of maiſter *Amoretto:* there is no foole to the Sattin foole, the Veluet foole, the perfumde foole, and therefore the witty Taylors of this age, put them vnder colour of kindneſſe into a paire of cloath-bags, where a voyder will not ſerue the turne: and there is no knaue to the barbarous knaue, the moulting knaue, the pleading knaue: what ho maiſter *Recorder?* Maiſter *Nouerint vniuerſi per preſentes*, not a word he, vnleſſe he feele it in his fiſt.

Phant. Mitto tibi metulas, cancros imitare legendo.

S. Rad. to *Furor.* Fellow what art thou that art ſo bold?

Fur. I am the baſtard of great *Mercurie*,
Got on *Thalia* when ſhe was a ſleepe:
My Gawdie Grandſire, great *Apollo* high,
Borne was I heare, but that my luck was ill,
To all the land vpon the forked hill.

Phant. O crudelis Alexi nil mea carmina curas?
Nil noſtri miſerere mori me deinq; coges?

S. Rad. Pag. If you vſe them thus, my maiſter is a Iuſtice of peace, and will ſend you all to the gallowes.

Phant. Hei mihi quod domino non licet ire tuo.

Ing. Good maiſter *Recorder*, let me retaine you this terme for my cauſe, for my cauſe good maiſter *Recorder.*

Record. I am retained already on the contrary part, I haue taken my fee, be gon, be gon.

Ing. It's his meaning I ſhould come off: why here is the true ſtile of a villaine, the true faith of a Lawyer: it is vſuall with them to be bribed on the one ſide, and then to take a fee of the other: to plead weakely, and to be bribed and rebribed on the one ſide, then to be feed and refeed of the other, till at length

length, *per varios casus*, by putting the case so often, they make their client so lanke, that they may case them vp in a combe case, and pack them home from the tearme, as though he had trauelled to London to sell his horse onely, and hauing lost their fleeces, liue afterward like poore shorne sheepe.

Furor. The Gods aboue that know great *Furors* fame,
And do adore grand poet *Furors* name:
Granted long since at heauens high parliament,
That who so *Furor* shal immortalize,
No yawning goblins shall frequent his graue,
Nor any bold presumptuous curr shall dare
To lift his legge against his sacred dust.
Where ere I haue my rymes, thence vermin fly
All, sauing that foule fac'd vermin pouerty.
This sucks the eggs of my inuention:
Euacuates my witts full pigeon house.
Now may it please thy generous dignity;
To take this vermin napping as he lyes,
In the true trappe of liberality:
Ile cause the Pleiades to giue thee thanks,
Ile write thy name within the sixteenth spheare:
Ile make the Antarticke pole to kisse thy toa,
And *Cinthia* to do homage to thy tayle.

Sir Rad. Pretious coles, thou a man of worship and Iustice too? It's euen so, he is ether a madde man or a coniurer: it were, well if his words were examined, to see if they be the Queenes or no.

Phan. *Nunc si nos audis vt qui es diuinus Apollo,*
Dic mihi, qui nummos non habet vnde petat?

Amor. I am stil haunted with these needy Lattinist fellowes: the best counsell I can giue is to be gone.

Phan. *Quod peto da Caie, non peto consilium.*

Am. Fellow looke to your braines: you are mad, you are mad.

Phan. *Semel insaniuimus omnes.*

Am. Maister Recorder, is it not a shame that a gallant cannot walke the streete quietly for needy fellowes, and that, after there is a statute come out against begging?

He strikes his brest.

Phant. Pectora percussit, pectus quoq; robora fiunt.

Recor. I warrant you, they are some needy *graduates*: the Vniuersity breakes winde twise a yeare, and lets flie such as these are.

Ing. So ho maister Recorder, you that are one of the Diuels fellow commoners, one that sizeth the Deuils butteries, sinnes and periuries very lauishly: one that are so deare to *Lucifer*, that he neuer puts you out of commons for non paiment: you that liue like a sumner vpon the sinnes of the people: you whose vocation serues to enlarge the territories of Hell, that (but for you) had beene no bigger then a paire of Stockes or a Pillorie: you that hate a scholler, because he descries your Asses eares: you that are a plague stuffed Cloake-bagge of all iniquitie, which the grand Seruing man of Hell will one day trusse vp behind him, and carry to his smokie Wardrobe.

Recor. What frantick fellow art thou, that art possest with the spirit of malediction?

Furor. Vile muddy clod of base vnhallowed clay,
Thou slimie sprighted vnkinde Saracen:
When thou wert borne, dame *Nature* cast her Calfe,
Forrage and time had made thee a great Oxe,
And now thy grinding iawes deuoure quite,
The fodder due to vs of heauenly spright.

Phant. Nefasto te posuit die quicunque primum et sacrilega manu,
Produxit arbos in nepotum perniciem ob propriumque pugi.

Ingeni. I pray you *Monseiur Ploidon*, of what Vniuersitie was the first Lawyer of, none forsooth, for your Lawe is ruled by reason, and not by Arte: great reason indeed that a Ploydenist should bee mounted on a trapt Palfrey, with a round Veluet dish on his head, to keepe warme the broth of his witte, and a long Gowne, that makes him looke like a *Cedant arma togæ*, whilest the poore *Aristotelians* walke in a shorte cloake and a close *Venetian* hoase, hard by the Oyster-

Oyster-wife: and the silly Poet goes muffled in his Cloake to escape the Counter. And you Maister *Amoretto*, that art the chiefe Carpenter of Sonets, a priuileged Vicar for the lawlesse marriage of Inke and Paper, you that are good for nothing but to commend in a sette speach, to colour the quantitie of your Mistresses stoole, and sweare it is most sweete Ciuet: it's fine when that Puppet-player *Fortune*, must put such a Birchen-lane post in so good a suite, such an Asse in so good fortune.

Amor. Father shall I draw?

Sir Rad. No sonne, keepe thy peace, and holde the peace.

Inge. Nay do not draw, least you chance to bepisse your credit.

Furor. Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta mouebo.

Fearefull *Megæra* with her snakie twine,
Was cursed dam vnto thy damned selfe:
And *Hircan tigers* in the desert Rockes,
Did foster vp thy loathed hatefull life,
Base *Ignorance* the wicked cradle rockt,
Vile *Barbarisme* was wont to dandle thee:
Some wicked hell-hound tutored thy youth,
And all the griffly sprights of griping hell,
With mūming looke hath dogd thee since thy birth:
See how the spirits do houer ore thy head,
As thick as gnattes in summer euening tide,
Balefull *Alecto*, preethe stay a while,
Till with my verses I haue rackt his soule:
And when thy soule departs a Cock may be,
No blanke at all in hells great Lotterie.
Shame sits and howles vpon thy loathed graue,
And howling vomit vp in filthy guise,
The hidden stories of thy villanies.

Sir Rad. The Deuill my maisters, the Deuill in the likenesse of a Poet, away my maisters away. *Exit.*

Phan. *Arma virumq; cano,*
Quem fugis ah demens?

Amor. Base dog, it is not the custome in Italy to draw vpon euery idle cur that barkes, and did it stand with my reputation: oh, well go too, thanke my Father for your liues.

Ing. Fond gul whom I would vndertake to bastinado quickly, though there were a musket planted in thy mouth, are not you the young drouer of liuings. *Academico* told me of that hants steeple faires. Base worme must thou needes discharge thy craboun to batter downe the walles of learning.

Amor. I thinke I haue committed some great sinne against my Mistris, that I am thus tormented with notable villaines: bold pesants I scorne, I scorne them.

Furor to Recor. Nay praythee good sweet diuell do not thou part,
I like an honest deuill that will shew
Himselfe in a true hellish smoky hew:
How like thy snowt is to great Lucifers?
Such tallents had he, such a glaring eye,
And such a cunning slight in villanie.

Recor. Oh the impudencie of this age, and if I take you in my quarters.

Furor. Base slaue ile hang thee on a crossed rime,
And quarter.

Ing. He is gone, *Furor*, stay thy fury.

S. Rad. *Pag.* I pray you gentlemē giue 3. groats for a shilling.

Amo. *Pag.* What wil you giue me for a good old sute of apparell?

Phan. *Habet et musca splenem, et formica sua bilis inest.*

Ing. Gramercie good lads: this is our share in happinesse, to torment the happy: lets walke a long aud laugh at the iest, it is no staying here long, least *Sir Radericks* army of baylifes and clownes be sent to apprehend vs.

Phan. *Procul hinc, procul ite prophani.*
Ile lash Apollon selfe with ierking hand,
Vnlesse he pawne his wit to buy me land.

Act.

Act. 4. Scen. 3.
Burbage. Kempe.

Bur. Now *Will Kempe* if we can intertaine these schollers at a low rate, it wil be well, they haue oftentimes a good conceite in a part.

Kempe Its true indeede, honest *Dick*, but these slaues are somewhat proud, and besides, it is a good sport in a part to see them neuer speake in their walke, but at the end of the stage, iust as though in walking with a fellow we should neuer speake but at a stile, a gate, or a ditch, where a man can go no further. I was once at a Comedie in Cambridge, and there I saw a parasite make faces and mouths of all sorts on this fashion.

Bur. A little teaching will mend these faults, and it may bee besides they will be able to pen a part.

Kemp. Few of the vniuersity pen plaies well, they smell too much of that writer *Ouid*, and that writer *Metamorphosis*, and talke too much of *Proserpina* & *Iuppiter*. Why heres our fellow *Shakespeare* puts them all downe, I and *Ben Ionson* too. O that *Ben Ionson* is a pestilent fellow, he brought vp *Horace* giuing the Poets a pill, but our fellow *Shakespeare* hath giuen him a purge that made him beray his credit.

Bur. Its a shrewd fellow indeed: I wonder these schollers stay so long, they appointed to be here presently that we might try them: oh here they come.

Stud. Take heart these lets our clouded thoughts refine,
The sun shines brightest when it gins decline.

Bur. M. *Phil.* and M. *Stud.* God saue you.

Kemp. M. *Phil.* and M. *Otioso* well met.

Phil. The same to you good M. *Burbage*. What M. *Kempe* how doth the Emperour of Germany?

Stud. God saue you M. *Kempe*: welcome M. *Kempe* from dācing the mortice ouer the Alpes.

Kemp. Well you merry knaues you may come to the honor of it one day, is it not better to make a foole of the world as I haue done, then to be fooled of the world, as you schollers are?

But be merry my lads, you haue happened vpon the most excellent vocation in the world for money: they come North and South to bring it to our playhouse, and for honours, who of more report, then *Dick Burbage* & *Will: Kempe*, he is not coũted a Gentleman, that knowes not *Dick Burbage* & *Wil Kemp*, there's not a country wench that can dance Sellengers Round but can talke of *Dick Burbage* and *Will Kempe*.

Phil. Indeed M. *Kempe* you are very famous, but that is as well for workes in print as your part in kne.

Kempe. You are at Cambridge still with fice kne, and be lusty humorous poets, you must vntrusse, I read this my last circuit, purposely because I would be iudge of your actions.

Bur. M. *Stud.* I pray you take some part in this booke and act it, that I may see what will fit you best. I thinke your voice would serue for *Hieronimo*, obserue how I act it and then imitate mee.

Stud. Who call *Hieronimo* from his naked bed?
And &c.

Bur. You will do well after a while.

Kemp. Now for you, me thinkes you should belong to my tuition, and your face me thinkes would be good for a foolish Mayre or a foolish iustice of peace: marke me. ——
Forasmuch as there be two states of a common wealth, the one of peace, the other of tranquility: two states of warre, the one of discord, the other of dissention: two states of an incorporation, the one of the Aldermen, the other of the Brethren: two states of magistrates, the one of gouerning, the other of bearing rule, now, as I said euen now for a good thing, thing cannot be said too often: Vertue is the shooinghorne of iustice, that is, vertue is the shooinghorne of doing well, that is, vertue is the shooinghorne of doing iustly, it behoueth mee and is my part to commend this shooinghorne vnto you. I hope this word shooinghorne doth not offend any of you my worshipfull brethren, for you beeing the worshipfull headsmen of the towne, know well what the horne meaneth, Now therefore I am determined not onely to teach but also to instruct, not onely the ignorant, but also

the simple, not onely what is their duty towards their betters: but also what is their dutye towards their superiours: come let mee see how you can doe, sit downe in the chaire.

Phil. Forasmuch as there be, &c.

Kemp. thou wilt do well in time, if thou wilt be ruled by thy betters, that is by my selfe, and such graue Aldermen of the playhouse as I am.

Bur. I like your face, and the proportion of your body for *Richard* the 3. I pray M. *Phil.* let me see you act a little of it.

Phil. Now is the winter of our discontent,
Made glorious summer by the sonne of Yorke,

Bur. Very well I assure you, well M. *Phil.* and M. *Stud.* wee see what ability you are of: I pray walke with vs to our fellows, and weele agree presently.

Phil. We will follow you straight M. *Burbage.*

Kempe. Its good manners to follow vs, Maister *Phil.* and Maister *Otioso.*

Phil. And must the baseste trade yeeld vs relieue?
Must we be practis'd to those leaden spouts,
That nought downe vent but what they do receiue?
Some fatall fire hath scorcht our fortunes wing,
And still we fall, as we do vpward spring:
As we striue vpward to the vaulted skie,
We fall and feele our hatefull destiny.

Stud. Wonder it is sweet friend thy pleading breath,
So like the sweet blast of the southwest wind,
Melts not those rockes of yce, those mounts of woe,
Congeald in frozen hearts of men below.

Phil. Wonder as well thou maist why mongst the waues,
Mongst the tempestuous waues on raging sea,
The wayling Marchant can no pitty craue.
What cares the wind and weather for their paines?
One strikss the sayle, another turnes the same,
He shakes the maine, an other takes the Oare,
An other laboureth and taketh paine,
To pumpe the sea into the sea againe.

Still

Still they take paines, ſtill the loud windes do blowe
Till the ſhips prouder maſt be layd belowe:

Stu. Fond world that nere thinkes on that aged man,
That *Arioſtoes* old ſwift paced man,
Whoſe name is Tyme, who neuer lins to run,
Loaden with bundles of decayed names,
The which in Lethes lake he doth intombe,
Saue onely thoſe which ſwanlike ſchollers take,
And doe deliuer from that greedy lake.
Inglorious may they liue, inglorious die,
That ſuffer learning liue in miſery.

Phil. What caren they, what fame their aſhes haue,
When once thei'r coopt vp in ſilent graue?

Stud. If for faire fame they hope not when the dye,
Yet let them feare graues ſtayning Infamy.

Phil. Their ſpendthrift heires will thoſe firebrands quench
Swaggering full moiſtly on a tauernes bench.

Stud. No ſhamed fire for all his glofing heire,
Muſt long be talkt of in the empty ayre.

Stud. Beleeue me thou that art my ſecond ſelfe,
My vexed ſoule is not diſquieted,
For that I miſſe, is gaudy painted ſtate,
Whereat my fortunes fairely aim'd of late.
For what am I, the meaneſt of many mo,
That earning profit are repaide with wo?
But this it is that doth my ſoule torment,
To thinke ſo many actiueable wits,
That might contend with proudeſt birds of *Po*,
Sits now immur'd within their priuate cells,
Drinking a long lank watching candles ſmoake,
Spending the marrow of their flowring age,
In fruiteleſſe poring on ſome worme eate leafe:
When their deſerts ſhall ſeeme of due to claime,
A cherefull crop of fruitfull ſwelling ſheafe,
Cockle their harueſt is, and weeds their graine,
Contempt their portion their poſſeſſion paine:

Stud. Schollers muſt frame to liue at a low fayle,

Phil

Phil. 'Ti sayling where there blowes no happy gale.
Stud. Our ship is ruin'd, all her tackling rent.
Phil. And all her gaudy furniture is spent.
Stud. Teares be the waues whereon her ruines bide.
Phil. And sighes the windes that wastes her broken side.
Stud. Mischiefe the Pilot is the ship to steare.
Phil. And Wo the passenger this ship doth beare.
Stud. Come *Philomusus*, let vs breake this chat,
Phil. And breake my heart, oh would I could breake that.
Stud. Lets learne to act that Tragick part we haue.
Phil. Would I were silent actor in my graue.

Actus 5. Scena 1.

Phil. & Stud. become Fidlers with their consort.

Phil. And tune fellow Fiddlers, *Studioso* & I are ready. (*they tune.*
Stud: going aside sayeth.
Fayre fell good *Orpheus*, that would rather be
King of a mole hill, then a Keysars slaue:
Better it is mongst fidlers to be chiefe,
Then at plaiers trencher beg reliefe.
But ist not strange this mimick apes should prize
Vnhappy Schollers at a hireling rate.
Vile world, that lifts them vp to hye degree,
And treades vs downe in groueling misery.
England affordes those glorious vagabonds,
That carried earst their fardels on their backes,
Coursers to ride on through the gazing streetes,
Sooping it in their glaring Satten sutes,
And Pages to attend their maisterships:
With mouthing words that better wits haue framed,
They purchase lands, and now Esquiers are made.
Phil. What ere they seeme being euen at the best,
They are but sporting fortunes scornfull iests.
Stud. So merry fortune is wont from ragges to take,
Some ragged grome, and him some gallant make.

Phil. The world and fortune hath playd on vs too long.
Stud. Now to the world we fiddle must a song.
Phil. Our life is a playne song with cunning pend,
Whose highest pitch in lowest base doth end.
But see our fellowes vnto play are bent:
If not our mindes, letts tune our instruments.
Stud. Letts in a priuate song our cunning try,
Before we sing to stranger company.

Phil. sings. The tune.

HOw can he sing whose voyce is hoarse with care?
How can he play whose heart stringes broken are?
How can he keepe his rest that nere found rest?
How can he keepe his time whome time nere blest?
Onely he can in sorrow beare a parte,
With vntaught hand and with vntuned hart.
Fond arts farewell, that swallowed haue my youth.
Adew vayne muses that haue wrought my ruth.
Repent fond syre that traynd'st thy happlesse sonne,
In learninges loare since bounteous almes are done.
Cease, cease harsh tongue, vntuned musicke rest:
Intombe thy sorrowes in thy hollow breast.

Stud. Thankes *Phil.* for thy pleasant song,
Oh had this world a tutch of iuster griefe:
Hard rockes would weepe for want of our releife.
Phil. The cold of wo hath quite vntun'd my voyce,
And made it too too harsh for listining eare:
Time was in time of my young fortunes spring,
I was a gamesome boy and learned to sing.

But say fellow musitians, you know best whether we go, at what dore must we imperiously beg.

Iack, fid. Here dwells Sir *Raderick* and his sonne: it may be now at this good time of Newyeare he will be liberall, let vs stand neere and drawe.

Phil. Draw callest thou it, indeed it is the most desperate kinde of seruice that euer I aduentured on.

Act. 5. Scena. 2.

Enter the two Pages.

Sir Rad pa. My maister bidds me tell you that he is but newly fallen a sleepe, and you base slaues must come and disquiet him: what neuer a basket of Capons? masse, and if he comes heele commit you all.

Amor. Pag. Sirra *Iack*, shall you and I play Sir *Raderick* and *Amoretto*, and reward these fiddlers, Ile, my maister *Amoretto*, and giue them as much as he vseth.

Sir Rad. And I my old maister Sir *Raderick*: fiddlers play. Ile reward you, fayth I will.

Amor pag. Good fayth this pleaseth my sweete mistres admirably: cannot you play twytty twatty foole, or to be at her, to be at her.

Rad. pag. Haue you neuer a song of maister *Dowlands* making?

Am. pag. Or *Hos ego versiculos feci &c.* A pox on it, my maister *Am.* vseth it very often. I haue forgotten the verse.

Rad. pag. Sir Theon: here are a couple of fellowes brought before me, and I know not how to decide the cause, looke in my Christmas booke who brought me a present

Am. pag. On New-yeares day goodman Foole brought you a present, but goodman Clowne brought you none.

Rad. pag. Then the right is on goodman fooles side.

Am. pag. My mistres is so sweete, that al the Phisitions in the towne cannot make her stinck, she neuer goes to the stoole, oh she is a most sweete little munkey. Please your worship good father yonder are some would speake with you.

Rad. pag. What haue they brought me any thing, if they haue not, say I take Phisick.

Forasmuch fiddlers, as I am of the peace, I must needs loue all weapons and instruments, that are for the peace, among which I account your fiddles, because they can neither bite nor scratch, marry now finding your fiddles to iarre, and knowing that iarring is a cause of breaking the peace, I am by the vertue of my office and place to commit your quarelling fiddles to close prisonment in their cases. *They call within.*

sha ho, Richard, Iack.

Am. Page. The foole within, marres our play without. Fidlers set it on my head, I vse to size my musicke, or go on the score for it, Ile pay it at the quarters end.

Rad. Page. Farewell good *Pan*, sweete *Irenias adieu*, *Don Orpheus* a thousand times farewell.

Iack Fid. You swore you would pay vs for our musick.

Rad. Page. For that Ile giue Maister *Recorders* law, and that is this, there is a double oath, a formall oath, and a materiall oath: a materiall oath cannot be broken, the formall oath may be broken, I swore formally: farewell Fidlers.

Phil. Farewell good wags, whose wits praise worth I deeme,
Though somewhat waggish, so we all haue beene.

Stud. Faith fellow Fidlers, heres no siluer found in this place, no not so much as the vsuall Christmas entertainment of Musitians, a black Iack of Beare, and a Christmas Pye.

They walke aside from their fellowes.

Phil. Where ere we in the wide world playing be,
Missortune beares a part, and marres our melody,
Impossible to please with Musickes straine,
Our hearts strings broke, are nere to be tun'd againe.

Stud. Then let vs leaue this baser fidling trade,
For though our purse should mend, our credit fades.

Phil. Full glad I am to see thy mindes free course,
Declining from this trencher waiting trade.
Well may I now disclose in plainer guise,
What earst I meant to worke in secret wise:
My busie conscience checkt my guilty soule,
For seeking maintenance by base vassallage,
And then suggested to my searching thought,
A shepheards poore secure contented life,
On which since then I doted euery houre,
And meant this same houre in sadder plight,
To haue stolne from thee in secrecie of night.
Deare friend thou seem'st to wrong my soule too much,
Thinking that *Studioso* would account,
That fortune sowre, which thou accompt'st sweete,
Nor any life to me can sweeter be,

Then

Then happy swaines in plaine of *Arcady*.

Phil. Why then letts both go spend our litle store,
In the prouision of due furniture:
A shepards hooke, a tarbox and a scrippe.
And hast vnto those sheepe adorned hills,
Where if not blesse our fortunes we may blesse our
Stud. True mirth we may enioy in thacked stall, (wills.)
Nor hoping higher rise, nor fearing lower fall.

Phil. Weele therefore discharge these fidlers. Fellow musitions, wee are sory that it hath beene your ill happe to haue had vs in your company, that are nothing but scritch-owles, and night Rauens, able to marre the purest melody: & besids, our company is so ominous, that where we are, thence liberality is packing, our resolution is therefore to wish you well, and to bidde you farewell.

Come *Stud*: let vs hast away,
Returning neare to this accursed place.

Actus 5. Scena. 3.

Enter Ingenioso, Academico.

Inge. Faith *Academico*, it's the feare of that fellow, I meane the signe of the seargeants head, that makes me to be so hasty to be gone: to be briefe *Academico*, writts are out for me, to apprehend mee for my playes, and now I am bound for the Ile of doggs. *Furor* and *Phantasma* comes after, remooving the campe as fast as they can: farewell, *mea si quid vota valebunt.*

Acad. Fayth *Ingenioso*: *I* thinke the Vniuersity is a melancholik life, for there a good fellow cannot sit two howres in his chamber, but he shall bee troubled with the bill of a Drawer, or a Vintner: but the point is, *I* know not how to better my selfe, and so I am fayne to take it.

Act. 5. Scen. 4.

Phil, Stud. Furor, Phant.

Phil. Who haue we there, *Ingenioso*, and *Academico*?

Stud. The verye same, who are those, *Furor* and *Phantasma*? *Furor takes a louse off his sleeue.*

Furor. And art thou there fix footed Mercury?

Phan. with his hand in his bosome. Are rymes become such creepers now a dayes?
Presumptuous louse, that doth good manners lack,
Daring to creepe vpon Poet *Furors* back:
Multum refert quibuscum vixeris.
Non videmus Manticæ quod in tergo est.

Phil. What *Furor* and *Phan.* too, our old colledge fellowes, let vs incounter them all. *Ing: Acad. Furor. Phantasma.* God saue you all.

Stud. What *Ingen. Acad. Furor. Phantasma*: howe do you braue lads.

Ing. What our deere friends *Phil.* and *Stud*?

Aca. What our old friends *Phil.* and *Stud*?

Fur. What my supernaturall friends?

Ing. What newes with you in this quarter of the Citty?

Phil. We haue run through many trades, yet thriue by none.

Poore in content, and onely rich in moane,
A shephards life thou knowst I wont to admire,
Turning a Cambridge apple by the fire.
To liue in humble dale we now are bent,
Spending our dayes in feareless merriment.

Stud. Weel teach each tree euen of the hardest kind,
To keepe our woefull name within their rinde:
Weel watch our flock, and yet weele sleepe withall,
Weele tune our sorrowes to the waters fall,
The woods and rockes with our shrill songs weele blesse,

Let

Let them proue kind since men proue pittileſſe.
But ſay whether are you and your company iogging: it ſeemes by your apparell you are about to wander.

Ing. Faith we are fully bent to be Lords of miſrule in the worlds wide heath: our voyage is to the Ile of Dogges, there where the blattant beaſt doth rule and raigne Renting the credit of whom it pleaſe.

Where ſerpents tongs the pen men are to write,
Where cats do waule by day, dogges by night:
There ſhall engoared venom be my inke,
My pen a ſharper quill of porcupine,
My ſtayned paper, this ſin loaden earth:
There will I write in lines ſhall neuer die,
Our feared Lordings crying villany.

Phil. A gentle wit thou hadſt, nor is it blame,
To turne ſo tart for time hath wronged the ſame.

Stn. And well thou doſt from this fond earth to flit,
Where moſt mens pens are hired paraſites.

Aca. Go happily, I wiſh thee ſtore of gal,
Sharpely to wound the guilty world withall:

Phil. But ſay, what ſhall become of *Furor* and *Phantaſma*?

Ing. Theſe my companions ſtill with me muſt wend,

Aca. Fury and Fanſie on good wits attend.

Fur. When I arriue within the ile of Doggs,
Don Phœbus I will make thee kiſſe the pumpe.
Thy one eye pries in euery Drapers ſtall,
Yet neuer thinkes on poet *Furors* neede:
Furor is lowſie great *Furor* lowſie is,
Ile make thee run this lowſie caſe I wis.
And thou my cluttiſh landreſſe Cinthia,
Nere thinkes on *Furors* linnen, *Furors* ſhirt:
Thou and thy ſquirting boy *Endimion*,
Lies ſlauering ſtill vpon a lawleſſe couch.
Furor will haue thee carted through the dirt,
That makeſt great poet *Furor* want his ſhirt.

Ing.

Inge. Is not here a trus dogge that dare barke so boldly at the Mooone.

Phil. Exclayming want and needy care and carke,
Would make the mildest spright to bite and barke.

Phan. *Canes timidi vehementius latrant.* There are certaine burrs in the Ile of doggs called in our English tongue, men of worship, certaine briars as the *Indians* call them, as we say certayne lawyers, certayne great lumps of earth, as the *Arbians* call them, certayne grosers as wee tearme them, *quos ego sed motos præstat componere fluctus.*

Inge. We three vnto the snarling Iland hast,
And there our vexed breath in snarling wast.

Phil. We will be gone vnto the downes of Kent,
Sure footing we shall find in humble dale:
Our fleecy flocke weel learne to watch and warde,
In Iulyes heate and cold of Ianuary:
Weel chant our woes vpon an oaten reede,
Whiles bleating flock vpon their supper feede:
So shall we shun the company of men,

Stud. That growes more hatefull as the world growes old,
Weel teach the murmering brookes in tears to flow:
And steepy rocke to wayle our passed wo.

Acad. Adew you gentle spiritts, long adew:
Your witts I loue and your ill fortunes rue:
Ile hast me to my Cambridge cell againe,
My fortunes cannot wax but they may waine.

Inge. Adew good sheppards, happy may you liue,
And if heereafter in some secret shade,
You shall recount poore schollers miseries,
Vouchsafe to mention with teares swelling eyes,
Ingeniosoes thwarting destinyes,
And thou still happy *Academico*,
That still maist rest vpon the muses bed,
Inioying there a quiet slumbering,
When thou repayest vnto thy Grantaes streame,
Wonder at thine owne blisse, pitty our case,

That

That still doth tread ill fortunes endlesse maze,
Wish them that are preferments Almoners,
To cherish gentle wits in their greene bud:
For had not Cambridge bin to me vnkinde,
I had not turn'd to gall a milkye minde.

Phil. I wish thee of good hap a plentious store,
Thy wit deserues no lesse, my loue can wish no more.
Farewell, farewell good *Academico*.
Neuer maist thou tast of our fore passed woe.
Wee wish thy fortunes may attaine their due:
Furor and you *Phantasma* both adue.

Acad. Farewell, farewell, farewell, o long farewell,
The rest my tongue conceales, let sorrow tell.

Phan. Et longum vale, inquit Iola.

Furor. Farewel my masters, *Furor's* a masty dogge,
Nor can with a smooth glozing farewell cog.
Nought can great *Furor* do, but barke and howle,
And snarle, and grin, and carle, and towze the world,
Like a great swine by his long leane eard lugges.
Farewell musty, dusty, rusty, fusty London,
Thou art not worthy of great *Furors* wit,
That cheatest vertue of her due desert,
And sufferest great *Apolloes* sonne to want.

Inge. Nay stay awhile and helpe me to content:
So many gentle witts attention,
Who kennes the lawes of euery comick stage,
And wonders that our scene ends discontent.
Ye ayrie witts subtill,
Since that few schollers fortunes are content,
Wonder not if our scene ends discontent.
When that your fortunes reach their due content,
Then shall our scene end in her meriment.

Phil. Perhaps some happy wit with feeling hand,
Hereafter may recorde the pastorall
Of the two schollers of *Pernassus* hil,
And then our scene may end and haue content.

Inge. Meane time if there be any spightfull Ghost,

That ſmiles to ſee poore ſchollers miſery:
Cold is his charity, his wit too dull,
We ſcorne his cenſure, he is a ieering gull.
But whatſoere refined ſprights there be,
That deepely grone at our Calamity,
Whoſe breath is turn'd to ſighes, whoſe eyes are wet,
To ſee bright arts bent to their lateſt ſet:
Whence neuer they againe their heads ſhall reere,
To bleſſe our art diſgracing hemiſpheere.

Inge. Let them.
Furor. Let them.
Phan Let them.
Acad. And none but them.
Phil. And none but them.
Stud. And none but them.

} All giue vs a *plaudite.*

FINIS.

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